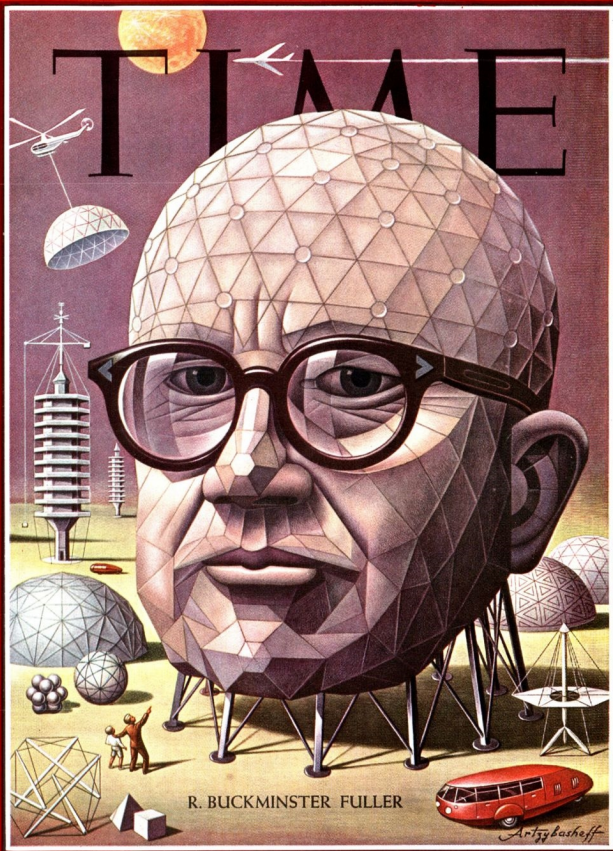


THIRTY CENTS

JANUARY 10, 1964



VOL. 83 NO. 2

(NOV. 11, 1963)



PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

We don't have to spend time telling people how beautiful Pontiac is. People tell us.

For that matter, the only people we ever have to talk to are people who've never driven a Pontiac. After you've sampled Wide-Track stability and Trophy V-8 action, what's left to say? After you've enjoyed Pontiac's silent, smooth ride, who needs more convincing? Frankly, about all we can say is that a Pontiac is a whole lot more car than other cars that think they're the competition. And your Pontiac dealer can show you *that* with great ease.

'64 WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC



...and that's
not all
we've done.

We started by revamping our life insurance rates. Most premiums for new policies have been cut... some are a little higher, but the rates average 3.3% lower over-all (the biggest cut is 18%). And we didn't stop there. We've changed a lot of other things, too, and made MONY plans more valuable than ever. For instance, size discounts. Now you can get better "quantity" discounts on most larger policies. We raised the

guaranteed income on all new policies. And you can get a wide variety of new options and privileges that "step up" the power of MONY insurance. We've also simplified things. You can qualify for some plans faster. We even have one plan that lets young men who've recently been married apply for insurance with no more fuss than a couple of simple health questions. And if you own MONY policies now—the news is

good: Dividends in 1964 will set a new record high... up \$3.5 million over last year. Big things are going on at MONY... as you can see. Ask a MONY man how these changes can benefit you.

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MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

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Babies are our business, too—

**How Armour and Gerber
teamed up to make meats
for babies more palatable
and more nutritious**

The first year is the big growth year for infants. During this period they can double or triple their weight.

Complete proteins are required for growth. And an excellent source of complete proteins is meat. But making meat palatable for babies had long been a problem. Gerber Baby Foods Company, the nation's number one supplier of infant foods, decided to attack the problem. Because Armour was the leading researcher in the processing of meats, Gerber came to Armour for the answer.



at the new Armour and Company

And Armour found it. Working with Gerber scientists, Armour pioneered an exclusive process called "flash cooking" which resulted in smoother, more nutritious and palatable baby meats.

Armour's continuing research in the development of infant foods is but one example in a wide range of vigorous and imaginative ventures taking place throughout the *new* Armour and Company.

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A Message to Parents Who Hope to Send Their Children to College

How You Can Help Your Children by Giving Them Ready Access to the Very Best in Books

The TIME READING PROGRAM

No parent doubts the value of good books in helping his children prepare for college. Children who grow up in homes where good books are a part of family life develop good reading habits and discrimination in what they read. And as they move closer to college, the books children find in the family library can help them in school and broaden their intellectual horizon, giving them superior preparation for higher education.

* * *

How do you choose good books . . . the *best* books? It is difficult to know which books merit first claim on your reading time—let alone which books you will want your children to become curious about and finally read. This is where we believe the Editors of TIME can be of immense help.

In the course of their work, the Editors of TIME must read (and evaluate) the most promising books in every field; they must meet (and come to know) the most provocative writers and thinkers; they must keep pace with the most important ideas of our times. It is part of their job to single out the *best books—those few that tower over all others*. It is a task with enormous rewards and we invite you and your children to profit from it by trying the TIME READING PROGRAM.

The TIME READING PROGRAM is an opportunity for you to own some of the most important books ever written—especially important for adults who want to broaden their own education and pass it on to their pre-college youngsters.

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PROGRAM is much like an enlightened school curriculum). Many books in the Program will be helpful in subjects your children study now or will encounter soon: history, art, politics, science, philosophy. Many books will be ones you'll wish you'd read before or will want to read again. All will contribute to your family's education by presenting the clearest thinking, the sharpest statements and the most compelling ideas that excellent literature affords.

Each volume in the Program is highlighted by a specially written preface in which our editors point out the position of the book and its author and explain what impact each book created when it was published; and why it is important to read today.

This Is How the TIME READING PROGRAM Works

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★ ★ ★

Comments from TIME READING PROGRAM subscribers

I am exceedingly pleased not only as a college student but as an individual interested in the welfare of my country and nation. Thank you for making such a program available.

Harrison R. Greene
New Wilmington, Penna.

I, and my colleagues at the University of Pittsburgh, have been very pleased with the selections you have sent in the past year and wish to salute you on the competent job you have done.

Harry Greuner
Pittsburgh, Penna.

Aside from the enjoyment, I look on the TIME READING PROGRAM as a liberal arts supplement to my necessarily one-sided scientific education. Thank you.

Dr. Kenneth Phifer
Rockville, Md.

I have felt that your selections have been excellent and especially well-chosen. As a college student, I particularly appreciate the completeness of your selections.

Steven Kalt
Ann Arbor, Michigan.

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"A sharply serious examination of the nature of justice and the springs of character under pressure."

from the Preface by the Editors of TIME.

WALDEN by Henry David Thoreau.

"Walden celebrates values that have been escaping us. But we must emulate Thoreau and recapture them if we are to be healthy and whole."

from the Introduction by William O. Douglas

THE CRIME OF GALILEO by Giorgio de Santillana.

"Galileo spans the centuries. Through him, what we call science is speaking out unequivocally for the first time . . ."

from the Author's Preface.

★ ★ ★

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, January 8

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S STATE OF THE UNION MESSAGE TO CONGRESS (NBC, 12:30-1 p.m.). ¹⁵ Live.

CBS REPORTS (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A study of the problems of presidential succession. Former Presidents Dwight D. Eisenhower and Harry S. Truman give their views.

Friday, January 10

THAT WAS THE WEEK THAT WAS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Premiere of a new satirical revue of topical comment.

THE JACK PAAR PROGRAM (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Paar shows films of his three-day visit with Dr. Albert Schweitzer, Color.

THE ALFRED HITCHCOCK HOUR (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Dramatization of H. G. Wells' *The Magic Shop*, in which a young boy with supernatural evil powers visits a magic shop and disappears.

Saturday, January 11

THE HOLLYWOOD PALACE (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Guests include Janet Leigh, Patachou and Rosemary Clooney. Bob Cummings is the host.

Sunday, January 12

ONE OF A KIND (CBS, 4-5 p.m.). A bird's-eye view of America by helicopter, showing the changes civilization has brought to the country's landscape.

14TH ANNUAL N.F.L. PRO BOWL GAME (NBC, 4 p.m. to conclusion). The Eastern Conference v. the Western Conference, from Los Angeles, Color.

BIRTH CONTROL: HOW? (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). The religious implications of oral contraceptive are debated by Roman Catholic Dr. John Rock, codeveloper of the first pill, and some of his critics, Color.

Tuesday, January 14

BELL TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A program devoted to young artists, including Singers Liza Minnelli and Jack Jones, Pianist Susan Starr, Folk Singers Ian and Sylvia, and Dancer Violette Verdy, with Jane Wyman as hostess, Color.

THEATER

On Broadway

MARATHON '33, by June Havoc, blends clowns and music and lacerated feet and shrieking nerves to prove that life is a grueling test rather like a 3,000-hour dance marathon. In this strange spectacle that suggests new directions for the U.S. theater, Julie Harris is put to the test, and her inspiring childlike ardor makes this one of her finest performances.

NOBODY LOVES AN ALBATROSS, by Ronald Alexander, is a cynical, funny, abrasive comedy about the frauds who cultivate the TV wasteland for the cash crop. As the biggest phony of them all, Robert Preston is full of roguish charm and as magnetic as sin.

THE BALLAD OF THE SAD CAFE. The mismatched magnets love makes of men and women interested Carson McCullers, but in his adaptation of her novella, Playwright Edward Albee is unable to show as strongly as she did the real powers of

attraction, although Colleen Dewhurst and Michael Dunn do their best to help.

BALEFOOT IN THE PARK, by Neil Simon. Audiences may shiver at the sight of a bulky radiator and a snow-drifted skylight in the apartment shared by Newlynweds Elizabeth Ashley and Robert Redford, but they are certain to shake with laughter as the couple copes kookily with a week's wedlock.

THE PRIVATE EAR AND THE PUBLIC EYE. Playwright Peter Shaffer shows his comic range in two one-acters—one about the strain of early love, not knowing how to win by being casual, the other about the strain and boredom of later love, not knowing how to win by seeing anew.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING. R.A.F. trainees shape up into smart marching units during this play, but they have more trouble forming themselves into rebels and reforming the British class system, as Playwright Wesker would have them do.

LUTHER, more performance than play, is lifted by Albert Finney's acting from the vagueness of its theology to a vital concern with a man whose purpose is more obsessive than sure, but whose impact set the Reformation in motion.

Off Broadway

THE TROJAN WOMEN. This masterly revival of the Euripides classic has been directed by Michael Cacoyannis with brooding eloquence, cyclonic passion and cruel inner hurt. Mildred Dunnock, Carrie New and Joyce Ebert deserve the compliment of truth—that they are worthy of the playwright.

IN WHITE AMERICA thoughtfully and evocatively combines a series of dramatic readings to chronicle the Negro's legacy of pain, oppression and denial from the days of slavery to the present hour. A fine group of actors makes the word intolerance become flesh.

CINEMA

LOVE WITH THE PROPER STRANGER. Made in Manhattan, this pulp-fiction romance about a girl "in trouble" wisely plays down its drama, plays up its gritty humor, and becomes an actor's holiday for Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen and company.

HALLELUJAH THE HILLS. Vermont is the setting for the first surrealist camping trip in history—a hilarious conceit by one of the U.S.'s "new cinema" directors, Adolph Mekas, who keeps his cast racing from pratfall to parody.

NIGHT TIDE. In this promising first film by a young writer-director named Curtis Harrington, a young U.S. sailor is lured toward destruction by a Lorelei who lives under a pier in Venice, Calif.

KNIFE IN THE WATER. A keen Polish thriller with a very sharp point.

BILLY LIAR. In this tragicomic fantasy from Britain, Tom Courtenay gives a matchless performance as an undertaker's assistant whose dreams are bigger than life. And Julie Christie is a dream come true as his way-out girl friend.

THE CARDINAL. Director-turned-Actor John Huston plays a fire-breathing man of the cloth and nearly walks off with this screen version of Henry Morton Robinson's 1950 bestseller, which is directed by Otto Preminger in a style best described as Hollywood baroque.

TOM JONES. Henry Fielding's 18th century classic is one of the funniest novels

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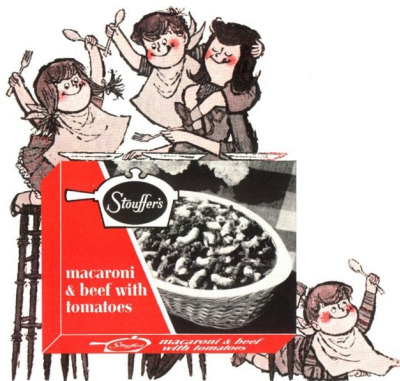


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* All times E.S.T.

TIME, JANUARY 10, 1964

9



Easy supper for the sitter to serve

Mom and Dad's night out? Here's a wonderful way to keep the kids happy, and wholesomely fed: Stouffer's delicious Macaroni & Beef with Tomatoes. So simple to fix, your sitter can heat and serve this tangy treat in minutes. And no wonder the small-fry eat it up! Stouffer's hearty homespun flavor hits the spot. Anytime. Guess why all the teen-agers in town will want to baby-sit at your house? Get Stouffer's Frozen Macaroni & Beef from the quality section of your grocer's freezer. It's one of Stouffer's Restaurants' most popular recipes.

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TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine

in the language, and Tony Richardson's screen version of the book is one of the funniest films of recent years. Albert Finney is excellent as the hero, and Hugh Griffith is magnificent as Squire Western.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE QUIET ENEMY, by Cecil Dawkins. These seven longish stories about repressive but exotic people of the inland South have the special power, which usually belongs to poetry, of haunting the mind.

FATHERS TO SONS, edited by Alan Valentine. The real rattlers in this fine and funny collection of letters to famous sons from their fathers are understandably pre-Freudian. Characteristically fatherly is Heinrich Marx's letter to Son Karl: "Instead of writing a lot about Kapital, make a lot of Kapital."

DON'T KNOCK THE CORNERS OFF, by Caroline Glyn. The great-granddaughter of Elinor Glyn made an early (age: 15) start on a literary career, writes about friendships of Byronic intensity and alliances of Renaissance intricacy among the intense little girls at a London primary school.

"WE NEVER MAKE MISTAKES," by Alexander Solzhenitsyn. These two short novels by the author of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* concern outsiders in the new, post-Stalin Soviet society: the earnest young man who believes Lenin to the letter, and an ancient, impoverished peasant woman.

MR. DOOLEY REMEMBERS—THE FORMAL MEMOIRS OF FINLEY PETER DUNNE, edited by Philip Dunne. An affectionate recollection, written by his son, of the creator of Mr. Dooley, the Irish bartender who was the "wit and censor" of the nation.

THE LETTERS OF F. SCOTT FITZGERALD, edited by Andrew Turnbull. "The thing that lies behind all great careers from Shakespeare's to Lincoln's is the sense that life is a cheat and its conditions those of defeat." So wrote the novelist near the end of his life when he was poor, neglected and wasted by back-writing and alcohol. But these letters, most of them written in the period, contain some of his very best writing.

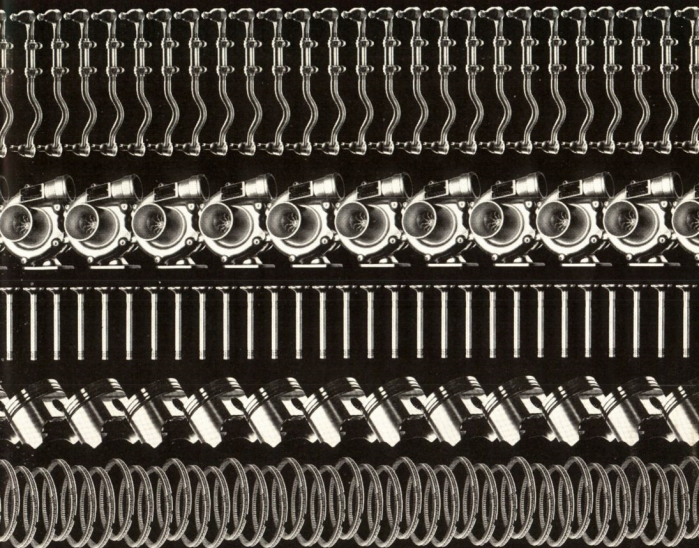
Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Group*, McCarthy (1 last week)
2. *The Shoes of the Fisherman*, West (2)
3. *The Hat on the Bed*, O'Hara (7)
4. *The Venetian Affair*, MacInnes (3)
5. *The Battle of the Villa Fiorita*, Godden (8)
6. *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, Fleming (9)
7. *The Three Sirens*, Wallace (6)
8. *Caravans*, Michener (4)
9. *The Living Reed*, Buck (5)
10. *The King's Orchard*, Turnbull (10)

NONFICTION

1. *The American Way of Death*, Mitford (3)
2. *Profiles in Courage*, Kennedy (1)
3. *Mandate for Change*, Eisenhower (2)
4. *Confessions of an Advertising Man*, Ogilvy (4)
5. *Rascal*, North (5)
6. *J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth*, Lasky (6)
7. *Dorothy and Red*, Sheean (7)
8. *My Darling Clementine*, Fishman (9)
9. *The Pooh Perplex*, Crews (10)
10. *I Owe Russia \$1,200*, Hope (8)



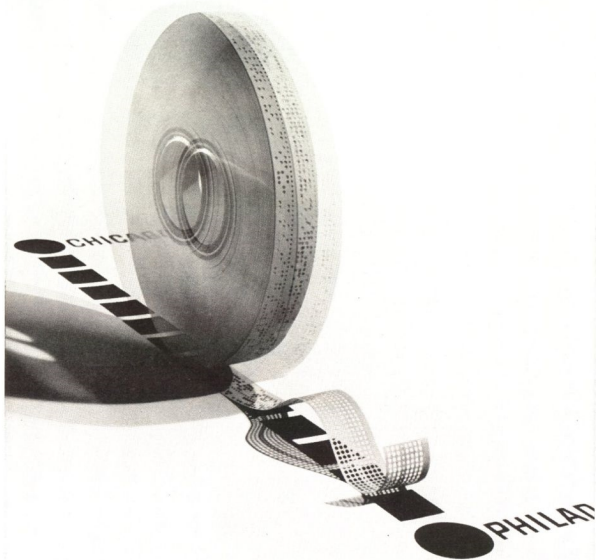
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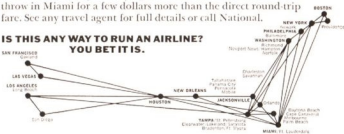
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LETTERS

Man of the Year

Sir: Fifteen of us were arrested at a restaurant on the outskirts of this "progressive" little North Carolina town. Our crime was attempting to order Sunday dinner—or, in local parlance, "trespassing" in a "public" restaurant. Twelve of us are black, three white.

A young lady who had refused bail and been imprisoned here for 16 days, refusing to eat the food sent in to us by a segregated restaurant, went out on bond. She returned an hour later as a "visitor," her arms laden with hamburgers and coffee, her steps somewhat wavering from her fast and her eyes shining. Tucked among her gifts to us was the latest issue of TIME, with the painting of Rev. King under the banner: Man of the Year.

Thank you.

KATHRYN J. NOYES

Chapel Hill Jail
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Sir: I love you for making such a great decision. It took courage. But you are a courageous group. Your Man of the Year dominates all others.

JOHNNY W. KING

New York City

Sir: It is my opinion that if King had not flitted from one city to another stirring up trouble, there would not have been the deaths and trouble in the country today due to the integration.

He should have been jailed as soon as he arrived in the different Southern cities, for he was there only to incite violence.

JOHN A. LAIRD

San Mateo, Calif.

Sir: In all my 30-plus years of reading TIME, even when I myself made your pages, I have never been so glowingly proud of you as a magnificent force as I was for your choice and your write-up of the Man of the Year.

MORRIS KAPLAN, M.D.

Denver

Sir: I was so incensed when I saw your selection of the Man of the Year that I felt like putting my magazine into the wastebasket.

KATHRYN GUNN

Lisbon, Ohio

Sir: Yours was a courageous and wise choice.

(THE REV.) THOMAS HARRIS

Methodist Rural Center
Kapit, Sarawak

Sir: I am astounded that a race racketeer should become Man of the Year.

TED KURLOW

Cleveland

Sir: I am bewildered. In memory of President Kennedy, cancel my subscriptions.

MRS. C. W. LETZGUS

Okemos, Mich.

Sir: It is without doubt that many will feel that your naming of Dr. King as Man of the Year is somewhat lacking in consideration of the man whose recent death has touched us all so very deeply. I cannot help feeling, though, that were he still alive, Mr. Kennedy would have more than enthusiastically applauded your choice of the man who has so eloquently and effectively devoted himself to the battle for civil liberties. It is a battle that Mr. Kennedy not only fought so hard for, but believed in so fervently. You have indeed honored the spirit of Mr. Kennedy, which remains among us, as you have honored Dr. Martin Luther King.

RICHARD H. DREW

Long Beach, N.Y.

Sir: Americans who travel abroad and are often shamed over questions concerning civil rights in America will rejoice as they read your Jan. 3 issue.

I plan to send several copies to friends abroad. I want to thank you for this constructive contribution to our continuing struggle for human rights.

S. RALPH HARLOW

Retired Member of
Smith College Faculty
Northampton, Mass.

One Who Is Welcome

Sir: I am a student from the Somali Republic. When I read about the killing of Edmond Asare-Adoo, the Ghanaian medicine student in Moscow [Dec. 27], I thanked God I turned down three scholarship awards to Moscow before I got the U.S. scholarship I now have. Had I gone there I would "get beaten up every day," when now in the U.S. I am welcome every day.

MAHAMOOD ALI SHIRWA

Colby College
Waterville, Me.

The Hazards of Forecasting

Sir: It's a bit ironic to see TIME referring to my year-ago forecast for 1963 as gloomy. The facts are: 1) we were criticized at the time for being too bullish—

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#1

THE GROUP
BY MARY MCCARTHY
A NOVEL

BEST-SELLER

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that has a collective
"heroine"—eight
girls who "grouped
together" at Vassar.

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a motion picture by
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Productions

**MARY MCCARTHY'S
"THE GROUP"
NUMBER ONE AND
ON THE BEST SELLER
LIST 19 WEEKS**

our forecast was well above the average of the private forecasters; 2) by last spring I stated that we expected to achieve the upper end of our forecast range, \$583 billion; 3) actual G.N.P. for 1963 will be about \$584 billion; 4) this is not a forecast "undone" but a forecast confirmed.

WALTER W. HELLER

Washington, D.C.

► In January last year, Heller and his Council of Economic Advisers estimated the 1963 G.N.P. at \$578 billion, but hedged that prediction by saying it could vary \$5 billion up or down. By May, Heller had changed to a more optimistic view, favored \$583 billion, \$1 billion short of the nation's actual 1963 output.—Ed.

From Ruby's Lawyer

Sir: I advocate some TV for some trials so that laymen can truly see our wonderful law in action and thereby have more respect for it. But I was not "outraged" by Judge Brown's decision denying it in the Dallas case [Jan. 3]. As a guest of the Texas courts, we can take it or leave it. It would be better to start court TV on less publicized cases first, and even then not all of them. The "Dallas establishment's" hiring a public relations firm is shocking.

MELVIN M. BELLI
Attorney at Law

San Diego

Don't Rub It In

Sir: Daddy, tell us that story about the Big Five again [Nov. 22].

E. B. MOORE

Bellaire, Texas

High-Walled Subcontinent

Sir: Your article on Australia's immigration policies [Dec. 23] is grossly misleading in tone.

I particularly deplore your use of the phrase "immigration apartheid." The whole objective of Australia's immigration policy and, in fact, the very nature and organization of the Australian society, are the complete antithesis of *apartheid*, which, as generally understood, means the segregation of racial groups within a country.

We seek to ensure that our society is so composed that, regardless of their race, all citizens of Australia—not to mention the thousands of Asian students and other visitors—are fully accepted and have equal rights without encountering any of the barriers which *apartheid* creates.

HOWARD BEALE

Ambassador to the U.S.

Embassy of Australia
Washington

Sir: I am a Nigerian journalist in Australia. In fact, I am happily married to a white Australian.

On the day I read your vividly authentic piece on the White Australia policy I also heard on one of the local radio stations that the Australian ambassador in Washington was up in arms against TIME for printing the story. If this radio report is true, then I have news for the ambassador.

Australia's Minister for Immigration, Mr. R. A. Downer, openly admitted that "persons not of European descent are not eligible to enter Australia for permanent residence."

While in Australia there is no open racial intolerance against dark-skinned people (except against the indigenous aborigines), the country is certainly plagued

with a superiority complex, racial ignorance and snobbishness.

OLARISI AJALA

Sydney

Sir: Thanks to the foresight of certain 19th century legislators, we do not have our lives poisoned by a Negro problem, a Chinese problem or an Indonesian problem. Are you advocating that this country should become a dumping ground for Asia's surplus population? What would they do if they did come here? This is the age of the bulldozer, not of coolie labor.

H. FIELDS

Sydney

Local Joke?

Sir: The Whitney Annual's "Wide Net" is a joke [Jan. 3]. It did not include Los Angeles, the nation's second most important art center. It should be renamed "The Whitney Annual of American Art to Be Found in New York Galleries."

FELIX LANDAU

Felix Landau Gallery
Los Angeles

► Among the painters from California whose works were exhibited in the Whitney show are Richard Diebenkorn, John Hultberg, Gordon Onslow, Arthur Okamura, Robert Hanson, Rico Lebrun and William Brice, the latter three from Los Angeles.—Ed.

Since Purcell

Sir: What is particularly irksome about your article on Benjamin Britten [Dec. 20] is that you adopted a current notion that Britten is England's greatest composer since Purcell. Britten may be a master at the craft of composition, but his work is usually sapped of emotional content. One listens to it with the feeling that it is only the framework of something that desperately needs insides.

Even the *War Requiem* falls short of its very high intentions.

An English composer—since Purcell—whose content could match excellent technique was Ralph Vaughan Williams. His *Sixth Symphony*, written during the London bombings, is a far more stirring appeal for peace than the *War Requiem* or, for that matter, anything that Britten is capable of composing.

MARTIN S. MITCHELL

Brooklyn

The Painter

Sir: Thank you for a fine cover and an excellent article on a truly great American, my uncle, Andrew Wyeth.

I was particularly pleased to read about Andy, as we know him. Your writers have done a fine job.

DAVID J. ROCKWELL

Emporia, Kans.

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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I wish you were dead, Montina Corlon!

The men were at my feet, as usual, muttering things. "Glamorous." "Admirably constructed." "Thick." Thick? Using my best smiles, I demanded an explanation.

"It has vinyl chips that look like small multicolored stones," my admirers said. "What does?" I asked. "The floor: your Armstrong floor," they said. "What's it called?" they asked. "Montina Corlon," I answered, ready to say more. "Look," they interrupted, "at the way the chips seem to float in thick, translucent vinyl, to produce nubby surface texture."

"Have an éclair," I said.

"Look how you can see between the chips," they said. "Cream and sugar?" I asked. "Look how ingeniously it's been installed. Almost no seams," they said.

Bored by all this, I moved away from the group, wondering what to do with a rival in Vinyl. Rivals in Red Velvet, in Blue Jeans, Incognito... I can handle. But Armstrong Vinyl Corlon is not in the rules.

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■ *Report to business from B.F. Goodrich*





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Up in the rugged California hills, just east of San Francisco, the builder of Briones earthfill dam was faced with an unusual problem.

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And look how this B.F. Goodrich belt paid off for the contractor, Guy F. Atkinson Co. They were able to rev up the speed of the belt so it could place 500 tons of material an hour. The 500,000-ton filter blanket was finished ahead of schedule. And the BFG belt is still good for lots more use on future construction jobs.

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

It is hard for us to think of two subjects that go together better than R. Buckminster Fuller and Boris Artzybasheff. "I can't remember when I enjoyed working on a TIME cover more," said Artist Artzybasheff, after he had finished painting Designer Fuller with a background that includes Fuller's radome, Dymaxion Car, tensegrity octahedron, an example of energetic-synergetic geometry, the 4D apartment house, a Dymaxion mobile laboratory, a demonstration of the omniequilateral, omnitruncated finite system, and the 15 axes interconnecting opposite mid-points of the icosahedron's 30 edges. But all this, being very Artzybasheffesque, was topped by the opportunity to do Fuller's head in the pattern of his most successful invention—the geodesic dome. "It was," said Boris, "a simple, wonderful challenge of breaking up his head like that and still have it come out a likeness!"

The correspondent who did most of the reporting on the story emerged with the same attitude. "Nobody could be more challenging or more fun to cover than Bucky Fuller," said Chicago Correspondent Miriam Rumwell. "I didn't know what to say for the first five hours—I just listened. He spills out amazing ideas and insights so fast. Even though you may not fully understand what he said, you feel you ought to. By osmosis, you eventually catch on." During one interview, Fuller did his flamenco-type dance for Miriam. During another, in a small plane bouncing into St. Louis in a snowstorm, he sought to calm her by saying: "Relax: just ride wave to love."

Miriam hastened to add that Mrs. Fuller was along on the flight, and that "he meant love for everything, love for what was happening at the

moment, love of 'livingry'—one of his Fullermade words."

In New York, the story was researched by Nancy Gay Faber, written by Douglas Auchincloss and edited by A. T. Baker. We hope you'll think it's fun too.

Two sections of TIME this week tackle areas of broad judgment.

In Press, we present a survey of the top U.S. dailies, a list that perhaps unfortunately—since it is such a standard number—added up to ten. The story is the result of long and friendly (as well as critical) consideration of U.S. newspapers by the whole editorial staff. It involved a close study of newspapers all over the U.S. by correspondents and editors, and a sustained dialogue between correspondents and Press Editor John Koffend and Senior Editor Richard Seamon. While it was literally impossible to draft a precise set of criteria on which to measure one newspaper against another—since the communities they serve differ so widely—there was one central question that had overriding importance: Has the community in which this newspaper is published been measurably changed for the better by this newspaper, and if so, how?

The other wide survey is the WORLD BUSINESS section's study of the international economy, which called for reporting from TIME correspondents in Washington, London, Paris, Bonn, Rome, Athens, Cairo, Beirut, Istanbul, Teheran, Tokyo, Nairobi, Hong Kong, New Delhi, Rio, Salisbury, Sydney and Moscow. Their reports, analyzed by Writer Everett Martin and Senior Editor Edward L. Jamieson, added up to an encouraging conclusion about the trend of the economy in the free world.

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These people don't want to be "used" by the REA—or anyone else

One thing about the American farmer should never be forgotten.

He has built the greatest agricultural industry the world has ever known. Let the population keep on growing. None of us need go hungry.

And within the past year or so the farmer has made it known in several ways that he wants to retain the initiative and the independence that have helped him realize this achievement. This spirit is something that ought to be taken into account by the Rural Electrification Administration (REA) in Washington.

The REA is a Federal financing agency established during the Depression days to help get electricity to remote farms more quickly. For this purpose, rural electric co-operatives financed by REA government loans were formed. They are exempt from Federal income taxes. And they pay 2% interest on their REA loans, which is considerably less than borrowed money costs the government.

Between them, over the years, these co-ops and the investor-owned electric companies have made electricity available throughout our nation's farmlands. But even so, REA requests for appropriations from the U. S. Treasury have continued to get bigger and bigger. Last year the REA made the largest request in its history: \$425 million, compared with \$175 million in 1952. And the greater part of that \$425 million was for the building of generating plants and high-voltage transmission lines.

Thoughtful people, including legislators and journalists, are asking whether the REA in Washington is encouraging some rural co-ops to build power plants and transmission lines that are not needed.

People are also asking whether there is a planned attempt to use rural electric cooperatives for developing a nationwide government power system. This could, of course, bring about government ownership of both the investor-owned electric companies and the co-ops. We do not believe our neighbors the cooperatives want that to happen.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

January 10, 1964

Vol. 83 No. 2

THE NATION

REPUBLICANS

Toward the Day of Reckoning

The cream-colored draperies parted, the glass door slid open, and there, on crutches, stood Barry Goldwater. Hobbling out to the flagstone patio of his home near Phoenix in the shadow of Camelback Mountain, Goldwater faced scores of Arizona G.O.P. leaders, reporters and television crewmen. Said he: "I want to tell you that I will seek the Republican presidential nomination."

That night, in snow-covered Portsmouth, N.H., Nelson Rockefeller, a presidential candidate since November, stood before an audience of 1,200 cheering people in a high school auditorium and cried: "The campaign has begun!"

Election Year 1964 was indeed under way, and quite a year it promised to be. The shadow maneuvers of 1963 were over. Barry and Rocky were in the race, while other Republican possibilities jostled for position, all looking toward that day of convention reckoning just six months away.

"A Real Rough Go." Despite some idle talk to the effect that Goldwater did not really want to run and that President Kennedy's death would give him a graceful way to stay out, his announcement was no surprise. As his family watched near by, Barry leaned against a lectern to favor his right heel,

which had recently been operated on for a calcium deposit. He read his formal statement more slowly and clearly than usual. He had, he said, decided to run "because I have not heard from any announced Republican candidate a declaration of conscience or of political position that could possibly offer to the American people a clear choice in the next presidential election."

"I will not change my beliefs to win votes. I will offer a choice, not an echo. This will not be an engagement of personalities. It will be an engagement of principles."

Answering questions, Goldwater displayed the candor and earthy humor that make him an engaging political personality. He would, he said, enter primaries in at least Illinois, California, New Hampshire and Oregon. But, he said, "it's gonna be a real rough go. It's difficult for a Westerner from a small state, population-wise, to get the nomination. And I'm willing to take that chance." He said that he saw "no incompatibility" in filing for re-election to the Senate while running for President. Reporters reminded him that he had been sharply critical of Lyndon Johnson for running for Vice President and the Senate at the same time in 1960. Well, grinned Goldwater, Lyndon was a good teacher, and "I would like to be a good student."

Did he feel that Kennedy's death hurt his chances for carrying the South



ROCKY & BOOSTERS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

"The campaign has begun!"

in November? "Oh, I think you'd have to be honest and say that it would. You have now a President who is a Southerner—at least he calls himself a Southerner." But wouldn't the South be essential to a Goldwater win next November? "I don't buy that, and I don't buy that the South will necessarily go with a Southerner." Would he concede Texas to President Johnson? "I don't concede anybody anything. I'm a Republican who's won in a Democratic state, and mister, Democrats don't know what a dogfight is till they do something like that." Did he consider Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. a rival for the G.O.P. nomination? "I consider anybody who has visited with General Eisenhower in the last few weeks a potential candidate."

Later, Goldwater was asked where he and Rockefeller differ—and quickly made clear where. "Governor Rockefeller believes in compulsory unionism. I don't agree. The Governor believes in the social security approach to medical care for the aged. I don't. Rockefeller believes in federal aid to education below the college level. I will go with him on federal aid to colleges, but I disagree in the lower grades. He believes in the sale of wheat to our enemies. I don't. He favors a limited test ban treaty. I oppose it."

All Smiles. If Barry wanted a fight, Rocky was ready. Early last week he announced that he would enter Oregon's May 15 primary. In that state he has a warm friend in Republican Governor Mark Hatfield and a campaign staff already functioning; but Goldwater has county and lesser leaders almost solidly committed to his cause and is considered ahead. Rockefeller had already said he would run in both the March 10 New Hampshire primary and the June 2 California contest, and he thought his chances were looking up. Said he: "The polls in California showed Goldwater 2 to 1 over me last fall. Two weeks ago, he was only 5 to 4 above me. That's quite a shift."

Standing next to Wife Happy in a New Year's Day reception line in the Albany Governor's mansion, Rocky



GOLDWATER DECLARING IN ARIZONA

"It will be an engagement of principles."

JACK COADY



MEMBERS OF GOLDWATER'S FAMILY*
He's willing to take the chance.

suddenly plucked a two-year-old boy from his father's arm. Cradling the lad, Rockefeller said: "It feels good to hold a baby." Then, all smiles, the Governor, 55, and a grandfather ten times over, commented on the news that Happy, 37, and mother of four from her first marriage, was expecting in June. Chortled the prospective father: "With the Rockefeller luck, it'll probably be twins."

And then, on to New Hampshire, which is going to be seeing a lot of would-be Republican Presidents in the next few weeks (Goldwater planned to go there this week). A formidable campaigner with a person-to-person, hand-to-hand style, Rocky spent most of two days in the state, squeezing adults' shoulders or patting children's heads, and saying again and again, "If you're registered in the Republican Party, I sure would appreciate your support."

His major appearance was in Portsmouth on the evening of the day that Goldwater announced. There he read a telegram he had sent off to Phoenix, challenging Barry to direct debate: "I hope you will join with me in making arrangements for such face-to-face discussions as soon as it is convenient. May I hear from you?" Goldwater turned Rocky down. Said he during a stop-over in Los Angeles before returning to Washington: "Debating him would be more like debating a member of the New Frontier than like debating another Republican. I see no sense in Republicans berating other Republicans."

Continuing with his Portsmouth speech, Rockefeller wanted to set the record straight on one thing. Months ago, he had inadvisedly indicated that he might not support the Republican Party candidate if Goldwater were nominated. That enraged a lot of Repub-

licans. But now Rocky insisted that he would back whomever the G.O.P. selected. Said he: "I did not enter the race for the presidency to 'stop' anyone else within my own party. . . . I am in this race all the way. I am in this race because I want my party, the Republican Party, to be a strong, dynamic and responsive force for good government in America. I am neither a 'summer soldier' nor a 'sunshine patriot' of the political wars; neither am I the foe of any other Republican."

But in the best spirit of the political contest, he did get in a few slaps at Goldwater without mentioning Barry's name: "America will not—and it should not—respond to a political creed that cherishes the past solely because it offers an excuse for shutting out the hard facts and difficult tasks of the present. The people of America want to know how the Republican Party proposes to meet the problems and opportunities of today—and not some notion of how it might re-create yesterday." And at a press conference in Concord, Rocky cut loose with a vengeance. Said he: "How can there be solvency when Goldwater is against the graduated income tax? How can there be security when he wants to take the United States out of the United Nations? How can there be sanity when he wants to give area commanders the authority to make decisions on the use of nuclear weapons?"

Who Can't Lose? Goldwater and Rockefeller were far from being the only Republicans in the presidential news. Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton, who until a recent talk with Ike really sounded as though he wanted no part of the White House, now let it be known that he would not request that his name be withdrawn from the Oregon primary if it were entered. Michigan's Governor George Romney still maintained that "I will not be a candidate for the nomination, and I will not seek it." But he scheduled a series of out-of-state speeches and television

appearances for the next few weeks.

Campaign headquarters for a move to draft Lodge, the U.S. Ambassador to South Viet Nam, had started in Boston, but Lodge sent a letter to a Rochester radio newsmen saying, "I have no intention of running for any office." As for former Vice President Richard Nixon, he was off in Miami, looking happy.

And where would it all lead? The Gallup poll last week conducted trial runs between Johnson and Nixon and Johnson and Goldwater, found that the President had overwhelming leads—69% to 24% against Nixon, 75% to 20% against Goldwater. But such polls are patently absurd so early in any election year. And despite growing talk that Johnson can't lose, some ready, willing and eager Republicans were plainly ready to prove it wrong.

DEMOCRATS

Helping Lyndon

Polling the nation's Democratic county chairmen for their vice-presidential preferences, the Associated Press got 710 positive replies. The leaders:

Minnesota's Senator Hubert Humphrey, 185 votes; Attorney General Bobby Kennedy, 166; U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, 75; New York City Mayor Robert Wagner, 47; Peace Corps Director Sargent Shriver, 43; California's Governor Pat Brown, 37; Minnesota's Senator Eugene McCarthy, 28; Connecticut's Senator Abraham Ribicoff, 24; Assistant Secretary of Commerce Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., 21; and Missouri's Senator Stuart Symington, 14.

There were scattered votes for Dean Rusk, Ohio's Senator Frank Lausche, Washington's Senator Henry Jackson and Jackie Kennedy. All of which may or may not be helpful to Lyndon Johnson, who will pick his own running mate about five minutes after he has been nominated by acclamation next August at Atlantic City.



THE ROCKEFELLERS & ADMIRERS IN ALBANY
He's counting on a shift.

* From left: Daughters Peggy and Joanne, Wife Margaret.

THE PRESIDENCY

Waging Peace

Before his death, President Kennedy had held several political strategy sessions, made it clear that he meant to base his 1964 campaign on a peace-and-prosperity pitch. Now Kennedy's successor intends to do the same thing—but with his own L.B.J. brand. That much was evident as he returned to Washington this week to deliver his first State of the Union address.

Last week, while still at his Texas ranch, President Johnson declared that this will be the year of an American "peace offensive," and he launched it while playing host to Germany's Chancellor Ludwig Erhard.

Erhard was enchanted by all the Texas trimmings—including the gift of a ten-gallon hat and a choral rendition of *Tief in dem Herzen von Texas*. But he was even more taken with Johnson himself. During an hour-long, deer-spotting drive through the countryside, the President confided that he had not been aware before Nov. 22 of the immense pressures involved in formulating the budget, in trying to conserve money while maintaining the world's security. The American people, he said, wanted to do what was right, but even so were growing weary of the burden of foreign aid and of keeping their armies in Europe. Erhard was impressed. That night at dinner, he said to the President: "What you told me this afternoon during our drive through the country—this has given me food for thought."

"The Truth I Feel," Lyndon provided some tougher food for Erhard to chew over. "The President," reported an aide who sat in on the talks, "said things that needed saying." Johnson bluntly told Erhard that he did not want to hear any lectures on the dangers of Communism, that Americans are fully aware of the dangers as the West Germans. He reminded Erhard of the cries of anguish from West Germany every time the U.S. even mentions the possibility of talks with the Soviets on the Berlin question. He urged Erhard to re-examine the problems of reunification and to come up with some suggestions of his own.

The German response was positive, and gave no echo of the Adenauer era, when every American gesture toward relaxing cold war tensions was interpreted as a sellout of West Germany. Erhard understood the U.S. frustrations and seemed determined to make his country bear its full share as a partner in the Western Alliance. And he readily agreed with Johnson that West Germany itself ought to join in the search for new paths toward East-West agreements.

Erhard showed with genuine feeling that he had established a personal friendship with the President, and he was obviously moved when he made his farewell. "Together," he said, "we need not be afraid of this world; together we are strong enough to preserve peace and freedom and justice all over the world. All these questions were discussed in

detail and we have been able to state full agreement and full unity of views. This is not just a diplomatic statement; it is just the truth I feel."

"Muddleheaded." After Erhard's departure, Lyndon Johnson continued with his peace offensive. In an exchange of New Year's greetings with Nikita Khrushchev, Johnson said: "Peace on earth, good will toward men" need not be an illusion; we can make it a reality. The time for simply talking about peace, however, has passed—1964 should be a year in which we take further steps toward that goal." Following up, he issued a statement expressing confidence that "we as a nation are fully alert to Communist tactics after 15 years of cold war," but it would be "muddle-

headed" as he was going ahead with such matters as the consular agreement, with a cultural exchange agreement, possible further steps in the trade field. "There are no quick and easy solutions," he said, but the U.S. is ready through "positive" attitudes to encourage Soviet moderation.

Hitting the Target

Just as hard as he was waging peace around the world, President Johnson seemed to be fighting for frugality in Government. Last week he heard some good news about the performance of the U.S. economy last year, put out word that next year's budget would total \$100 billion, and that he, personally, was reviewing every cent of expenditure.



PRESIDENT JOHNSON & CHANCELLOR ERHARD
Tief in dem Herzen von Texas.

headed" for the U.S. not to seek new breakthroughs for peace for fear of "being taken in by Communist tactics."

Khrushchev, of course, had a peace offensive of his own in mind, and he spooned it out in a 20-page letter to the world's governments. It boiled down to a sort of four-point plan for renouncing force as a means of resolving territorial disputes, but in its all-for-us-none-for-you terms it was disappointing to the U.S. (see THE WORLD). It remained for Secretary of State Dean Rusk to make the point that President Johnson's peace offensive is based not on rigid proposals but on wide-ranging probes for areas where substantive agreements are possible.

Rusk allowed for some hope of advancement along those lines in 1964. While acknowledging "dangerous" situations in Cuba, Communist China and Southeast Asia, he noted that this year there will be more discussions with the Soviet Union on general disarmament, on limiting defense expenditures, on controlling dissemination of nuclear weapons to other countries. "On the bi-

Such tidings were aimed to please—and they have certainly had that effect on the U.S. business community, which has warmed to Johnson in rare fashion.

To the banks of the Pedernales River from Washington went Dr. Walter Heller, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, to tell Johnson that during 1963 the U.S. economy had set impressive records. Among them: the gross national product (the combined total of all U.S. goods and services) rose \$30 billion, to over \$600 billion; per capita personal income reached \$2,500, up \$300 in three years; U.S. corporate profits totaled more than \$50 billion (\$25 billion after taxes), and civilian employment went above 70 million for the first time. Heller also was the bearer of not-so-glad tidings: unemployment last year remained in excess of 4,000,000 persons—a persistent 5% to 6% of the labor force. This, Heller told the President, was his Administration's "principal challenge."

Without Missing the Moon, Later Johnson met with Defense Secretary Robert McNamara and the Joint Chiefs

of Staff. Afterward, McNamara said the Defense Department's budget would be trimmed by about \$1 billion next year—to around \$51 billion. The savings would come mainly from a cost-reduction program instituted by President Kennedy and from a letup in heavy expenditures for the now well-stocked nuclear arsenal (see box). McNamara declared that U.S. forces would be "superior to those in any other time in our peacetime history."

More economies were in the offing as the week went by. Postmaster General John Gronouski emerged from a ranch-house session to announce that his department's budget request had been cut back by \$200 million, and that measures were afoot to whack \$100 million off the Post Office's chronic deficit next year, thus effecting an equivalent \$100 million saving in the federal budget. Johnson himself disclosed that several hundred million dollars each had been pared off next year's budgets for the Agriculture Department, Atomic Energy Commission and National Aeronautics and Space Administration. The cut in expenditures on space programs would be made, he said, "without abandoning our goal of a man on the moon by 1970."

Even if Johnson's widely hailed drive to economize in Government spending does result in a budget near \$100 billion, instead of the \$103 billion he predicted shortly after he took office, it will still be the largest budget in the nation's history. Still left would be a deficit in the neighborhood of \$10 billion. Johnson is expected to tell Congress in his budget message later this month that the fore-



ECONOMIC ADVISER HELLER
Glad—and not so glad.

cast of \$90 billion in revenues for fiscal '65 is partly dependent on early enactment of the \$11 billion tax-cut bill. One trouble John Kennedy had in drumming up support for the bill was critics' complaints that he had not reduced federal spending. Lyndon Johnson has worked hard to still that argument, and with some success.

What Businessmen Like. In any event, businessmen seem to be taking the President's efforts at face value. Says South Carolina's former Democratic Senator Charles E. Daniel, chairman of the Daniel Construction Co. of Greenville, S.C., and a vociferous Kennedy critic: "I think there is a significant change of attitude among businessmen. There is a great deal more confidence in Johnson

than there was in Kennedy. Even Republicans are very much impressed with his attitude on the economy." Says Gabriel Hauge, president of New York's Manufacturers Hanover Trust Co., who served as Special Assistant for Economic Affairs under President Eisenhower: "He is generating great hopes in the business community that he can be liberal without increasing expenditures or baiting business. Businessmen's basic confidence in Johnson is built on hope, and Johnson has moved in a way to encourage their confidence and reassurance. It's partly his emphasis on economy—which isn't economy, really, but rather frugality and efficiency. Businessmen like that because they have to be that way."

All this good feeling Johnson is generating among the nation's businessmen bodes well for his chances in next fall's presidential election. Says Los Angeles Banker Howard Ahmanson, a lifelong Republican: "The Republican Party will have to dig up a really great man to convince me, economically speaking, that he would make a better President than Johnson, who is making the first decisive moves toward economy that I have seen in 30 years. Other Presidents have talked about economy, but Johnson has the leadership qualities that can make it fact." And Republican Charles B. ("Tex") Thornton, chairman of California's Litton Industries, adds: "I talk with lots of Republican businessmen every day, and I am deeply impressed by two things: a feeling of confidence in Lyndon Johnson, and a general acceptance of the probability that he will be re-elected this year."

WHERE THE BIRDS ARE

The Strategic Air Command last week took operational control of two new nine-bird squadrons of Titan II missiles at the Little Rock, Ark., Air Force Base. These are the last liquid-fueled intercontinental missiles scheduled for the U.S. arsenal. With the

U.S. now well into the phase of second-generation missiles, the heavy emphasis is on the solid-fueled birds—land-based Minutemen and submarine-borne Polaris missiles. Herewith the U.S.'s fabulous strategic missile roster. A red dot * means operational.

LOCATION	TYPE & NUMBER
Offutt A.F.B., Omaha	ATLAS D: Range 8,000 miles 9
Fairchild A.F.B., Spokane, Wash.	ATLAS E: Range 9,000 miles 9
Forbes A.F.B., Topeka, Kans.	9
Warren A.F.B., Cheyenne, Wyo.	24 (also D's)
	ATLAS F: Range 9,000 miles
Lincoln, Neb., A.F.B.	12
Schilling A.F.B., Salina, Kans.	12
Altus, Okla., A.F.B.	12
Dyess A.F.B., Abilene, Texas	12
Walker A.F.B., Roswell, N. Mex.	12
Plattsburgh, N.Y., A.F.B.	12
Vandenberg A.F.B., Lompoc, Calif.	6 (also D's and E's)
	TITAN I: Range 8,000 miles
Lowry A.F.B., Denver	18
Beale A.F.B., Marysville, Calif.	9
Larson A.F.B., Moses Lake, Wash.	9
Mountain Home, Idaho, A.F.B.	9
Ellsworth A.F.B., Rapid City, S. Dak.	9
	TITAN II: Range over 9,000 miles
Davis-Monthan A.F.B., Tucson, Ariz.	18
McConnell A.F.B., Wichita, Kans.	18
Little Rock, Ark., A.F.B.	18

LOCATION	TYPE & NUMBER
	MINUTEMAN: Range 5,000 miles
Malmstrom A.F.B., Great Falls, Mont.	150
Ellsworth A.F.B., Rapid City, S. Dak.	150
Minot, N. Dak., A.F.B.	150
Whiteman A.F.B., Keokuk, Mo.	150
Warren A.F.B., Cheyenne, Wyo.	200
Grand Forks, N. Dak., A.F.B.	150

Each Polaris sub can carry 16 missiles. The A1s and A2s are operational (*), the A3s not yet.

Submarines with Polaris A1: Range 1,200 miles *	Polaris A3: Range 2,500 miles
George Washington	Alexander Hamilton
Patrick Henry	Thomas Jefferson
Theodore Roosevelt	Andrew Jackson
Robert E. Lee	Casimir Pulaski
Abraham Lincoln	John Adams
	James Monroe
	Sam Rayburn
	Nathan Hale
	Woodrow Wilson
	Henry Clay
	Daniel Webster
	James Madison
	Tecumseh
	Daniel Boone
	John C. Calhoun
	Ulysses S. Grant
	Von Steuben
	Stonewall Jackson
	Sam Rayburn
	Nathaniel Greene
	Benjamin Franklin
	Simon Bolivar
	Kamehameha
	George Bancroft
	Lewis and Clark
	James K. Polk

THE CONGRESS

The Beginning & the End

The second session of the 88th Congress convenes this week—just eight days after the first session, one of the longest, most tedious and least effective in U.S. history, adjourned.

For the first session, the end came at last when a quorum of Senators straggled back to Washington to vote on the \$3 billion foreign aid appropriation bill already passed by the House. They made it plain that they were unhappy at President Johnson's demand that they interrupt their holidays and tend to their unfinished business. "I respectfully suggest," said Nebraska Republican Roman Hruska, "that perhaps we had better operate this end of Pennsylvania Avenue."

After an hour of such complaints, the Senate took another hour to approve the aid bill, 56 to 14. It included a compromise agreement that authorized the President, when he deems it "in the national interest," to waive a restriction against Export-Import Bank guarantees on loans for commercial deals with Communist countries.

When the vote to adjourn finally came, the tired chorus of ayes from the nine remaining Senators sounded like a sigh of relief.

FOREIGN AID

A Hard Look

The foreign aid bill that finally limped through the Senate last week took the worst beating in the 17-year history of the program. But it was nothing compared to what will surely happen next time unless the Johnson Administration makes wholesale changes in the shape, size and aims of the program. Even Arkansas Senator J. William Fulbright, long a staunch friend to foreign aid, has served warning. The only reason that the Foreign Relations Committee, which he chairs, did not recommend an end to foreign aid was, he said, the expectation that the next program will be "revamped in major respects."

Hurried & Worried. With such sentiments in mind, and with President Johnson's budget message due this month, the Administration is engaged in a hurried, worried attempt to see just what changes it can make. Three weeks ago, Johnson set up an eight-man committee headed by Under Secretary of State George W. Ball and urged it to "seek all possible means to achieve economies and efficiencies" in the aid program. Next week the Ball committee is due to report back to him. Said one member: "We are not only discussing structural changes within the Agency for International Development; we are looking at the whole concept of aid—from slight, conservative changes to sweeping, drastic measures."

With men like AID Administrator David Bell and former World Bank President Eugene Black among its mem-

bers, there is little doubt that the committee will endorse the basic concept of foreign aid. But what form the new program will take is another matter.

One possibility, suggested by Fulbright and tentatively endorsed last month by Johnson, would be to split up aid into two separate budgets. Military aid, which has accounted for a full third of the \$100 billion spent since the end of World War II, would go into the Defense Department's budget. Economic aid would be handled in a separate budget all its own, and would thus present a smaller target to congressional sharpshooters. But unless this proposal included some machinery for a closer scrutiny of aid spending, Con-

serves the national interest because, as Secretary of State Dean Rusk put it recently, "as others grow in economic strength, so the U.S. will continue to prosper."

Pride & Potentates. Sound in conception, the idea has often proved severely flawed in execution. The U.S. now doles out economic aid to 100-odd nations in an often unselective, incoherent program that Congressmen are fond of calling a boondoggle. Instead of paying for development, countless U.S. aid dollars have paid for jet planes to please a foreign potentate, or uneconomic steel mills to satisfy a new nation's sense of pride.

Under the proposed new program,



THE BALL COMMITTEE AT WORK*

Needed: hardheaded handouts and a few political strings.

gress might reject it as a mere rejiggering of figures without any real reforms.

Creating a Precedent. Even more drastic is a plan, said to be favored by George Ball, that would abolish AID altogether. Under this program, military aid would be placed in the hands of the Pentagon. But, in addition, an Under Secretary of State for Economic Development would be named to coordinate all economic aid with the help of a small staff. Decisions on aid programs would be handled solely by the existing Assistant Secretary of State for each geographical region instead of jointly with a regional AID administrator. Except where the State Department lacked the personnel to handle the job, AID's worldwide staff of 12,000 would be disbanded. Only last month, the President created a precedent for just such a reorganization by putting the \$20 billion Alliance for Progress under the control of Thomas Mann, newly appointed Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs.

More important, under this setup, aid would be handed out on a more hardheaded basis than it is now. Since Harry Truman launched the Point Four program of aid to underdeveloped countries in 1949, every President has argued that aid to struggling nations

economic aid would be tied more firmly to immediate U.S. policy objectives, and the task of long-range development would be left more to multilateral organizations such as the World Bank, the International Development Association and the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development. Inevitably, this approach raises cries that the U.S. would be buying friends and tying political strings to its aid. Indeed it would, and should—provided the U.S. also makes it clear that its aid will not be limited to such short-range goals.

There are, of course, those who doubt that the Ball committee will accomplish anything of value. "Does the speed with which this Administration is acting indicate that such a body could possibly report back any kind of intelligent opinion and result?" asked Iowa's Republican Senator Bourke Hickenlooper last week. He answered his own question: "Of course it could not."

Such skepticism is not hard to fath-

* From left: Assistant Treasury Secretary John C. Bullitt, Presidential Assistant Ralph Dungan, George Ball, David Bell, Budget Director Kermit Gordon, Assistant Defense Secretary William Bundy. Not shown: Eugene Black and Peace Corps Director Sargent Shriver.

om. Past administrations have usually responded to congressional criticism of foreign aid by appointing a committee, reshuffling a few alphabetical agencies, giving the program a different name, and hiring a new boss. In its lifetime, the program has had no fewer than seven aliases and 17 administrators—without ever achieving basic reforms. If such reforms do not come this time, it may mean the end of foreign aid.

FOREIGN TRADE

Big Deal

Having survived a wintry blast from Congress that nearly killed it, the great wheat deal between the U.S. and Russia finally yielded its first cash crop last week. In the biggest one-shot commercial grain transaction ever made by a U.S. firm, Manhattan's Continental Grain Co. agreed to deliver a whopping 1,000,000 metric tons of wheat to Black Sea and Siberian ports by early spring for \$78.5 million, including shipping costs. Presumably, to compensate Continental for the difference between the heavily subsidized U.S. price for the wheat (\$90 million) and the lower world market price that the Russians paid (\$65 million, plus shipping charges), Washington will give the U.S. firm subsidy certificates worth \$25 million in Government-stored wheat.

An Agriculture Department spokesman said the U.S. would save \$5,000,000 a year in storage costs by the 1,000,000-ton reduction in its wheat stocks. The Russians, he added, were paying cash, but he did not elaborate. The whole wheat deal, originally approved by President Kennedy in October, nearly collapsed when congressional critics tried to prohibit the extension of credit to the Russians and demanded cash instead. Whether half of the wheat would move in U.S. vessels, a condition that Kennedy laid down to make the deal politically more palatable but that the Russians resisted because of higher U.S. shipping costs, was not known. That would depend, said Continental President Michel Fribourg, on whether "ships can be made available."

In the wake of Continental's big deal, U.S. grain companies are now looking for a bumper harvest of Soviet orders. All told, the Russians are expected to buy 4,000,000 tons of wheat—150 million bushels—for some \$300 million.

CRIME

From a Family of Bound Feet

Amid the inscrutable intrigue of old-fashioned tongmen and newfangled business operators in San Francisco's Chinatown, tiny Dolly Gee, 64, was empress of finance. For more than 30 years, she was manager of the Bank of America's pagodalike Chinatown branch. Inheriting the shrewdness of her late father, Chinatown's first banker, Charlie Gee, Dolly built the branch de-

posits from \$2,000,000 to \$20 million, dished out hundreds of loans that put a financial base under half of Chinatown's enterprises during years when Chinese could not even get life insurance. A high point in her career came in 1962, when she helped preside over the opening of a new bank building in ceremonies featuring firecrackers and tiger dancers to drive evil spirits away from the dragon-crested doors.

Scotch & P'ai Chiao. Deeply respected in a man's world, gravel-voiced Dolly drank Scotch, gambled heavily in all-night games of p'ai chiao (poker with dominoes) at men's clubs and pubs. Her behavior scandalized the women of Chinatown, but outwardly Dolly did not seem to give a yen that she was shattering the Chinese tradition of stoic, subservient women. Then two weeks ago, Dolly Gee was arrested for embezzling thousands of dollars from her bank. She said she had stolen not for profit but because "I come from a family of bound feet." Everything my pop said, we had to do.

Charlie Gee (pronounced as in gee whiz) had begun the embezzling in his bank in 1923, after another bank that he had set up in Hong Kong suddenly went broke. Because the news came to San Francisco by steamship, Charlie knew nothing of it for three weeks, continued to send some \$80,000 in cli-

* Small feet were considered a mark of feminine beauty in China, and some status-conscious Chinese bound the feet of their little girls, crippling them so they could barely walk, to show that the father was such a good provider that his women were docile and domestic and did not have to work in the fields. As a little girl in China around 1900, Dolly's feet were bound. The practice was outlawed in 1911.

ents' deposits to the defunct bank—and down the drain.

To prevent his own *tiu lien* (loss of face), he told his trusting customers that he had known of the Hong Kong failure and had withdrawn their funds in time. Then he set up a phony account in his Chinatown bank, juggled his books, which were kept in Chinese characters, so as to pay back anyone who demanded cash from Hong Kong.

A Costly Decision. In 1927 the Bank of America absorbed old Charlie's Chinatown bank. Dolly, who had worked for her father since her teens, two years later became branch manager—and discovered her father's embezzlements. "We talked all night," recalls Dolly. "The question for me was whether I would betray my father. But I couldn't go down and betray him. And once I made that decision, I just stuck for more than 30 years."

In trying to make up her father's debts, Dolly not only continued his embezzlement practices, but lost thousands more from depositors' accounts in investment schemes that turned sour. Moreover, interest owed on Charlie's original debts kept accruing, and Dolly never did catch up.

Although her father died in 1956, Dolly Gee remained as committed to holding off his *tiu lien* in death as in life. But finally she could keep her secret within herself no longer. Soon to be retired after her 50th year in banking, she went to see Bank of America President Rudolph Peterson. "President Rudy," she said, "you are going to hear something that you won't like." Replied Peterson: "Whatever it is, Dolly, go ahead." Dolly did—and auditors are still trying to add up the cost. Best present estimate: around \$300,000.



OPENING DAY OF THE BANK OF AMERICA'S NEW CHINATOWN BRANCH, 1962
Something that President Rudy didn't like.

THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

Wooden Anniversary

Few revolutions have fared worse. Virtually every human necessity is rationed, the country is in economic confusion, "voluntary" fund drives are confiscatory, wages are falling through the cracks in the floor, and men and women alike are being drafted for forced labor in the fields. But last week on the wooden anniversary of the Cuban revolution, Fidel Castro was still the picture of Communist bluster, and his helpless people still cheered obediently.

MIGs & Rockets. Above the reviewing stand in Havana's Plaza de la Revolución screamed supersonic MIG-21 Russian fighters, now flown, said announcers, "by Cuban youngsters." Below rolled an hour-long parade of Russian-made tanks, artillery, armored cars, rocket launchers—and battalion after battalion of tough-looking, Russian-trained troops. "We alone," shouted Castro, "could not have resisted imperialism—the blockades, the aggressions, the economic strangulation. But with these arms, we can fight against the best-equipped forces of the imperialist Army of the U.S."

Castro accused U.S. agents, "operating from Florida," of sinking a Cuban torpedo boat off the Isle of Pines on Christmas Eve. "A great explosion," he thundered, "cost the lives of three *compuerios* of the revolutionary navy and the blood also of 17 others, who were wounded. This was a criminal attack, a cowardly attack, an unjustified attack." An anti-Castro exile group calling itself Commandos Mambises and operating from a Central American base claimed credit for the raid. But Castro directly blamed the U.S. and President Johnson: "That was the CIA Christmas present to the Cuban people, President Johnson is the one guilty of the sabotage." Castro then quoted proudly and at length from a New York Times editorial printed earlier in the week declaring that "the Castro regime is certainly strong and possibly stronger than ever." The crowd loudly applauded the Times and the regime.

No Sugar, No Mills. But after five years of Fidel, there was nothing to cheer about in a Cuban economy sinking steadily lower with little hope of improvement. Mismanagement and a catastrophic October hurricane reduced the 1963 sugar crop to 3.8 million tons—lowest in 20 years and half the size of the pre-Castro harvest. This year, according to U.S. estimates, the crop will run only to 4,000,000 tons—barely enough to meet Cuba's Iron Curtain commitments. Russia had promised to deliver 3,500 automatic cane loaders



CASTRO UP TO HIS NECK WITH RUSSIAN COMRADES*
Might, bluster and feelers to the U.S.

and build 500 more in Cuba. As of last week, only 1,500 were available. Also promised were three new sugar mills; only one is ready.

How badly Castro feels the economic pinch is evident in a recent series of feelers to "normalize" relations and resume trade with the U.S. Last week in a telephone interview with ABC's Lisa Howard, Castro suggested that President Kennedy was leaning in that direction before his death, and Castro added: "The decision belongs to the U.S. Government to take the next step to help that normalization, because it is difficult to say what we can do." In Washington, Secretary of State Dean Rusk swiftly denied that Kennedy saw any early improvement in relations with Cuba. As for the new Johnson Administration, there were indications of an even tougher line evolving to isolate Cuba still further and prevent Castro from exporting his Communist revolution to the rest of Latin America.

BRAZIL

Snafu

PTB DEMANDS CPI ON CI IN GRA, announced the headlines in Rio newspapers. Too much bottled cheer in the composing room? Not at all. As savvy Brazilians saw at a glance, it was the perfectly normal way of saying that President João Goulart's Brazilian Labor Party demanded a parliamentary investigation into the actions of Governor Carlos Lacerda of Guanabara state. In their casual conversations, Brazilians can be just as cryptic, leaving the befuddled stranger convinced that, letter for letter, Brazil is the world's most overalphabetized nation.

BAP, BAM, BUM. Not even F.D.R.'s New Deal (WPA, PWA, NRA, etc., etc.) managed to cook up such a rich alphabet soup. Government agencies, politicians, labor unions, all 22 states and 13 political parties are known by their initials. BAA, BLA, BAP, BAM and BUM are prominent banks, MIC is the Ministry of Industry and Commerce, while MEC is the Ministry of Education and Culture, and MAC is a political action group called the Movimento Anticomunista. For

slum clearance there is nothing quite so efficient as MUD (Democratic Urbanization Movement). And tax evaders must constantly watch out for the dread SFRICFN, which is the Federal Service for Prevention and Repression of Infractions against the National Treasury.

Brazilians take to initials at least partly out of necessity. They are a people with notoriously long, complicated names. Initials and short, catchy nicknames are supposed to simplify it all. Two of Rio's top soccer teams, Flamengo and Fluminense, are known merely as Fla and Flu.

ADAM & EVE. There are those who think the whole letter scramble—like so much else in Brazil—is SNAFU. Except for ADAM and EVE (Amazonas Association of Dentists; Army Veterinary School), few combinations are pronounceable. Besides, Brazilians are running out of initials: MG stands for the states of Minas Gerais and Mato Grosso as well as the Ministry of War. Coming to the rescue of its readers, Rio's morning JB (Jornal do Brasil) recently published an article entitled "Introduction to the Small Dictionary of Initials (Without Which It Is Somewhat Difficult to Read a Newspaper in Brazil)." The list ran nearly a full page and was by no means complete. Some initials stretch out longer than many Brazilian words—for instance, FNOMMCFETMF, for the National Federation of Officers, Machinists, Motormen, Drivers, Firemen and Electricians in Sea and River Transportation.

To avoid undue capitals punishment, Brazilians have now started a trend toward spelling out the letters. Thus a member of the UDN party becomes a Udenist. For other parties, it takes sharp eyesight, not to mention keen political insight, to determine whether a politician is a Pecemist, Pedecist, Pessest, Pessidist, Pessapist, Pessetist, Petebist or Petenist. And that, son, is not much FUN.†

* Mustachioed Alexei Fedorov, Soviet Minister of Social Security for the Ukraine, and aides at Varadero Beach last July.

† Supplier of National Uniforms.

THE WORLD

GREAT BRITAIN

A Whitehall Elephant

On the outside, Britain's Foreign Office is hasty Byzantine; inside it is a stately slum. A grimy, drafty pile of Victorian granite opposite 10 Downing Street, it has been likened to a provincial Italian museum, a stranded gunboat, a monument to Muddling Through. Yet when the government announced plans last month to demolish the building, traditionalists reacted as if Eton were being nationalized. "Magnificently British!" harrumphed Lord Harrowby. "Representative of our greatest period!" snapped Lord Salisbury.

In fact, the Foreign Office was a Whitehall elephant almost from the day it opened in 1868. It was modeled on a Venetian palazzo, after Architect Sir Gilbert Scott's original Gothic façade was indignantly rejected by Prime Minister Lord Palmerston as "admirable for a monastery." (It later made an admirable Gothic railway station.) From a pompous exterior decked with 63 allegorical statues to regal suites designed more for *la dolce vita* than diplomacy, the building was so wildly inappropriate that within ten years after completion it was roundly condemned by a parliamentary commission.

Efficiency v. Elegance. To keep pace with a London-based staff that grew from 75 to 2,262 in its 96 years, the Foreign Office desperately divided and subdivided its ornate acreage. Today it is a dim maze of minute, plywood cubbyholes linked by mosaic-floored corridors and a warren of back stairs. Many of the garrets have no windows,

or only a piece of one, and most of the windows cannot be opened anyway. Even the mouse-ridden attics have been carved into typists' collectives and digs for bachelor-duty officers.

The building aptly symbolizes the guerrilla warfare between efficiency and mere embellishment that has bedeviled the Foreign Office since the birth of modern diplomacy in the mid-19th century. Even its radiators belong in a museum. Though elderly, blue-liveried porters haul interminable scuttles of coke to feed 500 open fires, wintertime at the Foreign Office is a perpetual struggle. There are electric lights in the chandeliers, but the wiring is so overburdened that only Room 53, the Foreign Secretary's office, rates an electric heater (two, in fact). Telegraphic facilities were installed over the objections of an under secretary who warned direly that it would "make every person in a hurry."

Until the late 19th century, the main qualifications for a Foreign Office job were a good family, a smattering of languages, and big, clear handwriting. During Lord Palmerston's 16 years as Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister, state papers were constantly returned from 10 Downing Street with testy quibbles on the writer's grammar or his handwriting, which, Palmerston insisted, should slope forward, not backward "like the raking masts of an American schooner."

Outdoor Relief. Would-be diplomats were also required to have private incomes until 1919, which inevitably attracted the upper crust and its eccentric fringe. One senior official in Victorian times regularly brought his big, black Newfoundland bitch, Pam, to the office, where she startled visitors by leaping onto their shoulders and removing their hats. An air of amiable amateurishness is carefully cultivated in Britain's public schools, and often seems to pervade its diplomacy. On the eve of World War II, Foreign Secretary Lord Halifax drewled: "I distrust anyone who foresees consequences and advocates remedies to avert them."

This lofty, Panglossian attitude underlies serious, if infrequent, professional misjudgments by the Foreign Office, notably Britain's brave attempt to shrug off the Congo crisis, as well as its extraordinary lapses of human judgment, as in its boys-will-be-boys disregard of such howling security risks as Burgess and Maclean. Since more than 90% of all its recruits are Oxford or Cambridge men, class-conscious Britons still echo the plaint of 19th century Reformer John Bright that the service is "a gigantic system of outdoor relief for the British aristocracy."

The Round Table. But aristocratic attributes can be deceptive. Some 400 top students take the stiff examination for career Foreign Office jobs each year (starting salary: \$2,220); only 30 to 40 are chosen. Moreover, an Oxbridge education today is usually a badge of merit, not of privilege, and endows its products with an acute sense of history as well as the subtle, precise idiom that makes diplomatic dispatches to the British Foreign Office a model of effective communication.

Since war's end Whitehall has fielded a Round Table of diplomatic knights—Sir Harold Caccia, Sir William Hayter, Sir Con O'Neill, Sir Pierson Dixon, Sir Frank Roberts, among others—whose rare talents have been superbly supported by the smooth, articulate technicians of Whitehall. The government has not yet said when it will tear down the Foreign Office. Indeed, if it should change its mind and spare the old building, it could well argue that some of the world's wisest diplomats have come from palazzos—if not from slums.



LORD HALIFAX



FOREIGN OFFICE

Five hundred open fires to warm Panglossian attitudes.



F. O. PORTER



NEW PARISIANS GREET THE NEW YEAR

One day a nation of 100 million Frenchmen.

FRANCE

A Year of Silent Cannons

Since 1959, Charles de Gaulle has used each new year as the occasion for a major policy speech to the people of France. Last week, once again, he went before the television cameras to make sonorous pronouncements on the state of his nation, and to examine critically the state of the world.

De Gaulle began by emphatically assuring Frenchmen that they had never had it so good. "For France the year that has ended was, in sum, favorable. In contrast with other times which were cruel and agitated, and despite the alarmist cries of insatiable partisans, we have encountered no catastrophes. Quite the contrary!"

Unseen Before. De Gaulle ticked off figures: national revenue up 5%, per capita income up 4% after investments, 325,000 housing units built, 520,000 places provided for new students in schools. It was not all roses, for inflation was rising (see *WORLD BUSINESS*), and industrial progress was slowing slightly, but there was justification for *le grand Charles's* rhetorical question: "When did we ever do so much in the past?" He viewed with pride the birth of 900,000 French babies last year and boasted that many of these newborn infants "will one day see a France with 100 million inhabitants."

This development and progress, De Gaulle continued, "could not have been possible if we had returned to the crises and impotence of the former regime. But the functioning of the public powers—government and Parliament—as it is governed by our constitution, as it is applied, as it was confirmed last year by the nation, enables the state to decide and act. In the midst of so many countries prey to troubles, jolts, uncertainties, the French Republic appears as the very example of political stability. This has never been seen before!"

"Our position in the world naturally

reflects this internal situation," De Gaulle went on. "It is a fact that between Jan. 1 and Dec. 31, we have not had to fire a single cannon shot, something that has not happened in a quarter-century." With its own nuclear deterrent, France was now able to control its own destiny, a destiny that "since 1940 had been in the hands of others."

Kingly, he declared: "France, because she can do so, because everything invites her to do so, because she is France, should conduct amid the world a world policy." No, 1 task in the year ahead: the union of Europe.

"It is a fact," said De Gaulle, "that in trying to place our relationship with Germany on a new basis, then in endeavoring to see that the European Economic Community was truly a community and truly European . . . that it did not allow itself either to disintegrate as a result of the admission of a new member [Britain], which could not conform to the rules, or be annexed to a system existing on the other side of the Atlantic [in the U.S.], we did much to clear the path leading to a united Europe." However, he allowed, in a rare concession to Atlantic unity, the new Europe must achieve "a truly concerted political, economic and strategic *entente* with America."

Gloss of Champagne. Harking back to his favorite dream, De Gaulle saw in the misty future a far bigger Europe than most of his contemporaries could imagine. "We must envisage the day," he declared, "when, perhaps, in Warsaw, Prague, Pankow, Budapest, Bucharest, Sofia, Belgrade, Tirana and Moscow, the totalitarian Communist regime which still succeeds in keeping these peoples locked up will gradually come to an evolution compatible with our own transformation. Then there would be open to Europe, as a whole, prospects in keeping with its resources and its capabilities." His immediate goal was, no doubt, his pet *Europe des patries* (Europe of the fatherlands), which



PRESIDENT DE GAULLE ON TV

would cap the Common Market with a political organization where ultimate decision lay with heads of governments.

Receiving newsmen at an Elysée reception a few nights later, De Gaulle, holding a glass of champagne, smilingly observed, "The whole world is calm now. Even the Chinese are trotting around." He added, "At this moment there is a state of mind favorable to making European progress. People seem to wish it. The question is one of knowing how to do it, at what time and to what degree. There had to be an initiative, so we made proposals. Others can do likewise, or they can take up France's proposal."

Man in the Middle

Ex-Army Colonel Antoine Argoud, 49, military mastermind of the terrorist Secret Army Organization, last week was sentenced to life imprisonment. Thin and pale, Argoud scarcely looked the part of a conspirator who might plot the death of De Gaulle; yet his trial put a strain on the fragile new friendship between France and West Germany.

Argoud's terrorist career came to an abrupt end in February 1963 when he was kidnapped in a Munich hotel and deposited in a bloody bundle in the back of an abandoned panel truck in Paris. The French blandly disclaimed any participation in the snatch, and France's Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville asserted that Bonn had never made formal application for Argoud's extradition.

Even though he was technically correct about the absence of a formal note, Couve de Murville's testimony enraged the West German Foreign Ministry because the French Ambassador to Bonn had been handed an *aide-memoire*^o requesting Argoud's return two weeks before the trial began.

^o A formal note is signed, an *aide-memoire* is unsigned.

GREECE

Back to the Polls

Though 75-year-old Middle-Roader George Papandreu won November's Greek elections, his party fell short of a parliamentary majority. A few weeks later, Papandreu survived a vote of confidence, but only with the support of 28 leftist Deputies. No thanks, said the new Premier, abruptly resigning. Despite the urging of King Paul, Papandreu also refused to enter a coalition with the conservatives, whose defeated leader, Constantine Karamanlis, had

New Year's Eve and the day itself were permitted to spend the night in the East, and thus sleep off the loudest, happiest spree the divided city had experienced since the Wall went up 28 months ago. Others, overcome with fatigue and celebration, dashed back to beat the 5 a.m. witching hour—some of them in East German ambulances.

Pet Phrases. As the Jan. 5 expiration date of the holiday "protocol" drew closer, the farewells at the Wall grew tearful once again. Mayor Willy Brandt estimated that 1,300,000 of his West Berliners had passed through the

kin far more outspoken against the Ulbricht regime than they had been before the Wall went up. In fact, workers at East Berlin's municipal transport company, BVG, demanded that the pass agreement not only be extended but expanded to permit East Berliners to visit their relatives in the West.

Memories of 1953. Last week signs of even stronger worker protest came to light with the appearance of the latest issue of *Das Karussell*, plant newspaper of the big "Seventh of October" agricultural combine factory in the Eastern sector's Weissensee district. There, a deputation of workers had repeatedly told factory functionaries that East Germany was in the wrong on the Wall issue. "After all," the newspaper uneasily quoted them, "the Wall was erected by our government to take the Wall down, and all discussions and negotiations about passes are superfluous." *Karussell* replied with a shopworn lecture laying the blame for the Wall on the West. There was a worried undertone to the editor's words, for this was the kind of worker muttering that finally led to East Germany's explosive, abortive revolt in June 1953.

COMMUNISTS

"Kan Peil!"

Perhaps it was the cheerful afterglow of New Year's Eve, but suddenly last week everybody was talking about peace. No sooner did President Johnson, on his Texas ranch, pledge the U.S. to wage "an unrelenting peace offensive" (see *THE NATION*) than Nikita Khrushchev chimed in from Moscow with a similar idea.

Glarious Omission. In sheer heft, Khrushchev's proposal easily outweighed Johnson's. Addressed to every nation in the world that has diplomatic relations with Moscow, Nikita's message rambled on for 20 pages about a four-point plan for an international treaty renouncing the use of force to settle territorial disputes. Since the letter amounted to little more than what the United Nations Charter already included and contained a fistful of jokers in addition (limiting the West's ability to defend Berlin, surrendering Formosa to Red China), U.S. officials showed considerable restraint when they merely characterized the plan as "disappointing" and "nonobjective."

The note said nothing at all about Russia's most important squabble—the one with Communist China. But this was surely a topic of conversation when Khrushchev, bundled up in a fur hat and fur-trimmed coat, suddenly arrived for a visit with Polish Communist Boss Wladyslaw Gomulka in a lavish hunting lodge 125 miles north of Warsaw—the same frigid site where Nikita met Gomulka a year ago for discussion of Communist problems and some hunting in the nearby woods.

Far to the south, Khrushchev's Red rival, Chinese Premier Chou En-lai,



STREET SCENE IN EAST BERLIN
Gift-laden visitors seared like acid.

disgustingly quit politics and retired (temporarily, at least) to Paris.

Instead, Papandreu demanded new elections, which he figured would result in a sweeping victory over the opposition. Spurred by the crisis over Cyprus, King Paul went along with Papandreu's strategy, which, after four governments in seven months, at least held out the hope of greater political stability. Last week the King appointed a caretaker Cabinet, dissolved Parliament, and scheduled new elections for Feb. 16. Would this bring Karamanlis back from Paris? Word from Athens quotes him as saying: "Greece must undergo a long and acute crisis before the people ask, if ever, for my return."

BERLIN

Grumbles from the East

On and on they poured through the chinks in Berlin's ugly Wall—and on New Year's morning some of them had to be poured back out again. With beer and brandy, Scotch and vodka, but mostly with bubbly glasses of *Sekt* (German champagne), nearly 78,000 West Berliners toasted the turn of the year with Red sector relatives. Those fortunate enough to have passes for both

Wall during the 18-day period, carrying with them \$3,250,000 worth of food, clothing and Christmas presents. Nonetheless, even as Brandt's representatives worked cautiously with East German officials to renew the visiting agreement, many Westerners—both German and Allied—were having doubts. Brandt views the Wall arrangement as merely another item in the long list of "technical agreements" under which the two Germanys do more than \$450 million in business each year. But the Bonn government, hypersensitive as ever on the matter of East German recognition, worried that another agreement with Walter Ulbricht's regime would only add one more fragment of legitimacy to his claim. Nor did it like the way East German newspapers and television were crowing about "three Germanys" and "the Free City of Berlin"—pet phrases of both Ulbricht and Nikita Khrushchev aimed at eroding Allied rights in Berlin.

But whatever the Communists' motives, the holiday pass agreement clearly proved most erosive on their own side of the Wall. To East Berliners, who had been chafing in the gloom of empty shops and echoing streets, the sight of bright, gift-laden visitors seared like acid. West Berliners found their Eastern

was also talking peace as he interrupted his current tour of Africa to visit his only pals in Europe—the Communists of Premier Enver Hoxha's Albania. In an interview on French television, taped while Chou was in Morocco, he came up with what, for him, was a startling thought: war between East and West is not inevitable. The remark was strictly for capitalist consumption, of course: in Albania, Chou found genuine enthusiasm for his usual militant opposition to the whole idea of Communist coexistence with the West.

Joined Hands. Chou's visit to Tirana was not all politics. His New Year's Eve began at the workers' club of the Stalin textile plant, where Chou and his tubby Foreign Minister Chen Yi joined hands with Hoxha and other Albanian greeters to whirl gaily through local folk dances. Seeking more merriment, the group moved on to an army officers' club, where Chen Yi burred: "Words fail me in this ocean of friendship!" and later to a party at the headquarters of the Artists and Writers Union. At last, amid shouts of "*kan pei*" ("bottoms up" in Chinese), Chou finally sat down to a sumptuous banquet. Communist Ruler Enver Hoxha described it as "a family dinner, just as if you were at home." After such a hectic night of pub crawling, Chou probably wished that he were.

CYPRUS

Island of Tension

The jumpy island of Cyprus, where Turkish and Greek Cypriots have been savaging each other for the past fortnight, last week showed a faint relaxation of tension. British armored cars, with Union Jacks covering their hoods, patrolled the no man's land between the Greek and Turkish sectors in the capital city of Nicosia. Irregulars of both sides slowly evacuated their rooftop positions to squads of British troops. Everyone held his breath when three Greek monks were slain by Turks. But it was reportedly not a political killing: the Turks were said to have been seeking revenge because a dog belonging to the monastery had attacked their goats. Emotions are kept on edge by a proliferation of atrocity photos—the picture of a Greek bakery employee with his head smashed in was countered by the photo of a Turkish mother and her three children lying slaughtered in a bathtub.

Greece and Turkey still could find no common ground for agreement. Britain, as the third guarantor of the constitution, and the former colonial owner of Cyprus, was the only power with freedom of action. London exercised it wisely. Commonwealth Relations Secretary Duncan Sandys flew to Nicosia for a series of harried interviews with President Makarios, Vice President Kuchuk and the ambassadors from Greece and Turkey. The negotiations nearly collapsed when Makarios announced that Cyprus' treaties with Britain, Greece and Turkey were invalid, which seemed

simply the first step in a unilateral attempt to scrap the constitution itself. Yet Sandys managed to prevail.

At week's end Makarios' government announced that, together with the governments of Britain, Greece and Turkey, it had agreed to hold a London conference on the crisis this month, and added that representatives of the Greek and Turkish Cypriot communities would participate.

It seems likely that Makarios will get some revisions of the constitution, which even the British concede is unwieldy and perhaps unfairly weighted

heavy police guard. Wearing bright red tunics and carrying submachine guns and automatic rifles, guards from *Osagyefo's* own Nzima tribe—the only tribe he really trusts—constantly patrol the presidential palace. But Nkrumah's recent high-handed dismissal of the Supreme Court's chief justice, for acquitting three suspects charged with a previous assassination attempt, only strengthened the determination of his enemies. Last week an assassin struck again—or so Nkrumah's p.r. men claimed.

Breathlessly, they announced that as

LONDON DAILY EXPRESS



SLAIN TURKISH CYPRIOT MOTHER & CHILDREN

The price for a dog is three monks.

with veto powers for the Turkish minority. But even a more workable constitution may not guarantee peace. Zekia Bey, a Turkish Cypriot on the Supreme Court, said sadly: "I don't think there can ever be any hope of coexistence between Greek and Turk here. It has now been established that to become a political leader in Cyprus you must have the right qualification—you must have killed someone. The greatest difficulty is that we can't trust them, and I think they can't trust us."

GHANA

Jujitsu at the Palace

His High Dedication, Kwame Nkrumah, is often called "The Awful" by Ghana's rapturous, government-controlled press. To many of his nation's 7,000,000 people, however, The Awful is just plain awful. Since 1956 Nkrumah has survived four assassination attempts by political foes angered by his dictatorial ways. But though 16 innocent bystanders were killed in the various efforts, *Osagyefo* (The Redeemer) always escaped unharmed.

In constant fear, Nkrumah never ventures out of Flagstaff House, his official residence in Accra, without a

Nkrumah was leaving Flagstaff House, an assailant in a police uniform fired five shots from a .303 rifle at close range, mortally wounding one of *Osagyefo's* guards. In Accra these days, it is difficult to sift fact from propaganda, but according to the official version of the incident, Nkrumah himself grappled with the would-be killer and finally disarmed him. "Don't hurt him," Nkrumah was quoted as yelling to the guards, "Don't kill him. Put your guns down." All the while, proclaimed the official party newspaper admiringly, *Osagyefo* held the assailant in a jujitsu grip—"a demonstration of the Leader's moral, spiritual and physical strength over his enemies." But an official photograph purporting to show Nkrumah in the act of subduing the culprit started a wave of rumors that the whole incident was rigged to boost Awful's popularity at home. To skeptics the scene looked too placid to be plausible.

With the "assassin" safely in jail, thanksgiving vigils were scheduled to celebrate the sparing once more of Nkrumah's life. At many of them, no doubt, the official anthem of the Ghana Young Pioneers would be sung: "Nkrumah never dies, never dies, never dies. He forever lives."

CENTRAL AFRICA

River of Tears

Aged only ten years, the Federation of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland last week died a largely unlamented death. The federation's birth in 1953 had smacked of illegitimacy, and one of its principal midwives, burly ex-boxer Roy Welensky, was from the start accused by black nationalists of dedicating himself to the goal of keeping its African population under the thumb of a minority of white settlers.

As outgoing Prime Minister Welensky muttered his misgivings, death came to the federation on New Year's Eve. Next day at noon, 2,000 Africans gathered for a mock funeral. Dr. H. Kamuzu Banda, boss of Nyasaland's Malawi Congress Party, told his cheering supporters, "I mean to rule. I shall allow no stupid fool to destroy what I've built up. If to do this is to be a dictator, make the most of it!" Then his followers set fire to a coffin representing the federation and the ashes were thrown into the Shire River, which, in the words of the Malawi News, "will carry the relics down to the Zambezi River, which is saturated with the tears of Welensky and the other settlers."

The positions of the three territories are radically different. Little Nyasaland, which becomes the independent state of Malawi on July 6, has some 3,500,000 people and virtually no resources except its brilliant but megalomaniacal leader Dr. Banda. Northern Rhodesia, which will obtain full independence next fall as the state of Zambia, is loaded with mineral wealth, and its copper represents one of Africa's most profitable exports. Moderate Kenneth Kaunda's United National Independence Party seems certain to sweep the territorial elections set for Jan. 20, but Kaunda is already facing terrorist opposition from the African National Congress,

led by hard-drinking Harry Nkumbula and by members of the Lumpa church, a militant African sect headed by a 39-year-old self-styled prophetess named Alice Lenshina.

For the present, white-dominated Southern Rhodesia has decided against a unilateral declaration of independence, though a noisy section of the population is strongly in favor of it. Prime Minister Winston Field urges that "on no account must we put ourselves in the wrong" by breaching the Constitution, under which the territory is still tied to Britain as a self-governing member of the Commonwealth. But Southern Rhodesia, lacking large-scale mineral deposits and heavily dependent on agriculture, is economically depressed and many of its 224,000 white settlers are emigrating, mostly to neighboring South Africa. Many of the remainder seem to be enthusiastically hoping for a political comeback by Sir Roy Welensky as Rhodesia's leader. At the moment, Sir Roy is planning to retire to a local farm and write his memoirs, but he has nimbly promised to return to public life "if my country needs me."

KASHMIR

The Rape of the Lock

In a silver and crystal bottle, wrapped in three cloth bags, nestled in three wooden boxes, locked in a cabinet, in the innermost of four cells, protected by four guards, a brownish hair from the head of Mohammed has lain for three centuries in Srinagar's mosque of Hazrat Bal. On holy days, the prophet's hair is tenderly removed from its resting place, attached to a chain and locked around the waist of one or the other of five Bandey brothers, the hereditary keepers who alone are permitted to jouch the sacred relic and show it to Moslem worshipers in the mosque's great quadrangle.

In Srinagar, beside Kashmir's famed Dal Lake, thousands of pilgrims were gathering for last week's festival of Shaab-e-Baraat when the sorrowful news crackled from houseboat to houseboat, from hut to hut. The guard on duty at Hazrat Bal (literally Majestic Place) had left his post long enough for thieves to saw out the strongroom locks, smash the cabinet and make their getaway. The prophet's hair was gone.

All day, after the loss was discovered, wailing pilgrims bearing mourning flags braved bitter cold to march on the mosque. Then grief turned to fury. Next day a screaming mob burned and looted through the capital until police broke up the crowds by firing over and, sometimes, under their heads, killing two and wounding several other pilgrims. Though officials feared the excitement might provoke violence between Hindu and Moslem communities, on New Year's Day worshipers of both faiths paraded peacefully together, Hindus chanting "Har Har Mahadev!" (Praise to God), Moslems crying "Allah O Akbar!" (God is great).

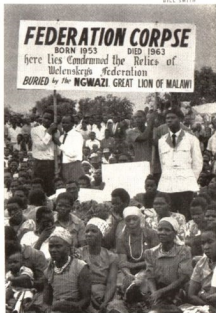
The Kashmiri government offered a princely reward—\$21,000 outright plus a \$105 lifetime annual pension—to anyone who "traces or helps in tracing" the relic. From New Delhi came two senior Indian police officials to help authorities in Srinagar, which is in the Indian-held half of disputed Kashmir. In Pakistan, India's Prime Minister Nehru was blamed as "the real thief," though the press also hinted that the "satanic" plot might have been "conceived in the so-called intellectual cells in a faraway Western capital," meaning Washington. Indians were equally sure that the affair

DILL SMITH



SIR ROY WELENSKY (TOP) IN FEDERAL PARLIAMENT

Settlers headed for the south, ashes bound for the sea.



MOCK FUNERAL CELEBRATION

was a Pakistani scheme to incite Kashmiris against them.

Then, at week's end, mourning throngs flung away their black banners and started dancing in the streets. The hair of the prophet had been found, abandoned in the grounds of the mosque. Radio Kashmir blared joyful music as pilgrims waited for the news that the sacred relic had been wrapped again in three cloth bags, placed inside three wooden boxes, locked in its cabinet in the innermost of four cells, and was carefully watched over by four badly shaken guards.

INDIA

Hustler's Reward

In centuries past, Bombay was considered so unhealthy that "two moons were the life of a man." Bombay is still relatively dangerous to life and limb, but what its citizens feared last week was not malarial fever or dengue but hurtling autos, gangsters, and commuter trains so jam-packed that festoons of passengers hang perilously from the doors. "What can we do?" shrugs Mayor Eshakhbhai Bandoorkwala, resplendent in a red turban and seated behind a huge desk topped with black glass. "This city is growing; it leads India. Everybody wants to come here because we have work for them."

Country Swarm. To U.S. visitors, Bombay seems the most American city in India. In a nation that is currently stagnant, both economically and socially, Bombay is noisily on the move, ablaze with neon signs and with a skyline of high-rise office and apartment buildings. Bustling Bombay pays fully a third of all India's income taxes. Its wide harbor handles some 15 million tons of cargo annually, and its burgeoning industry ranges from the traditional textile mills that owe their beginning to the U.S. Civil War, when the Union h-o-ckade cut off cotton from the South, to brand-new petrochemical plants. The city's 4,500,000 people are crowded into a narrow, palm-dotted peninsula that has a greater population density than London or New York, and hundreds more swarm in each month from the hinterland, hoping for a taste of Bombay's better life.

The rewards for hustling are there for everyone to see in the ornate homes of the wealthy on Malabar and Cumballa hills. Bombay's sleek women, who set India's fashions, wear slacks by day as they whip about the city in sports cars, and are lovely by night in sheer, gold-embroidered saris. The new and old rich frequent the marble-floored Willington Sports Club, where vegetarian diners are discreetly noted by chalk marks on the backs of their chairs, and gather on Sundays for horse racing at the Western India Turf Club, where a sign at the entrance displays an untypical bit of Bombay intolerance. It reads: "South Africans not admitted."



BOMBAY'S CHOWPATY BEACH
Elsewhere, block after block of 42¢ cages.

Ringed City. Unlike Calcutta, where long British ownership of the jute mills left a distinctly British tone to the city, Bombay has its own cosmopolitan, fiercely independent stamp. From the beginning, the flourishing textile industry was owned and operated by the Indians themselves. Bombay industrialists were treated by the British as potential customers for machinery rather than as colonial underlings. Textiles spurred the city's growth, but Bombay has confidently gone on to such new industries as oil refineries, fertilizers, synthetic fibers, and assembly plants for Italian autos and motor scooters. The city is ringed by plants making everything from biscuits and pharmaceuticals to machine tools and tires.

There is seaminess as well as glitter in Bombay. Air India's Boeing jets coming into Santa Cruz airport swoop low over miserable mud and bamboo huts, where the air is fetid with the stomach-churning odors of cow dung, urine and rotting humanity. The broad, smooth expressway from the airport into Bombay is lined with dismal rows of tenements, where more than a million people are crammed in small, single rooms and share whatever toilets exist with dozens of neighbors. One of every 66 Bombay residents has no home at all—except for the dark undersides of staircases, cattle sheds and sidewalks. Even the wide Marine Drive with its luxury apartments has its own huddle of desperate poor who have taken up residence among the mammoth concrete tetrapods scattered along the beach to protect the sea wall from the pounding waves of the monsoon.

Pledged Daughter. Bombay rivals Tokyo as the world's queen city of vice. Its wide-open red-light district runs for block after block through the center of town, and heavily mascaraed male and female prostitutes try to entice passers-

by into their "cages"—narrow stalls with wooden barred doors and a single bed. The cage dwellers charge only 42¢ per customer, but there are also upper-class brothels where Anglo-Indian girls receive patrons in high-ceilinged boudoirs with brilliant red curtains. Many of Bombay's estimated 70,000 whores are Devadasis, who practice prostitution in the name of religion. The custom dates back to the 3rd century, and, in its present form, Devadasi parents who seek a particular favor from their deity will vow, if the favor is granted, to make a prostitute of an infant daughter when she eventually reaches the age of puberty.

By law, no liquor can be sold in Maharashtra state, of which Bombay is the capital, and this has spawned the same speakeasies, gangsterism and pervasive corruption as did Prohibition in the U.S. So after 14 years of failure to stop drinking, Maharashtra state has finally given up just as did the U.S., and after April 1 Prohibition will be virtually abandoned. "This gangsterism and bootlegging are just an antisocial manifestation of Bombay's venture-some spirit," says a leading industrialist with genial tolerance.

With typical tolerance, Bombay supports the left-wing tabloid *Blitz*, which recently published pictures to "prove" that Lee Oswald did not shoot President John Kennedy, and also the right-wing tabloid *Current*, which flays Nehru and his nonalignment policies. Even Bombay's teen-agers have a magazine that features Elvis Presley, twist instructions, and such articles as "Are Kissing Dates Dangerous?" Bombay is headquarters for the nation's movie industry, which turns out some 300 feature-length films a year. A recent and elaborate movie wedding in Bombay drew 10,000 guests, but none of them were considered top-drawer socially. Bombay's society doy-

ens still tend to associate movies with dancing girls and prostitutes, and the movie stars keep much to themselves in their golden ghettos along Juhu Beach, Bandra and Khar.

Black Money. Prime Minister Nehru somewhat mournfully noted that "Bombay is now almost entirely devoted to business, with all its advantages and disadvantages." Most Bombayites can see only the advantages. One newly rich industrialist decided that the proper place to install his refrigerator was in his living room—so every visitor could admire it. At the top of Bombay's business structure are wheeler-dealers who know all the intricacies of "black money," which sweetens a deal by being passed under the table, as well as how to snip through the red tape of government controls. At the bottom are the men scrambling toward the top, ranging from the tiffin men, who pick up hot lunches daily at suburban homes and rush them downtown to office workers, who are thus spared the indignity of carrying lunch boxes, to street hawkers selling everything from tender green coconuts to old shoes and new U.S. auto parts, often stolen from the waterfront.

Bombay's future looks even more flourishing than its present. Nearly half of India's agreements with foreign businessmen signed in the past six months call for new ventures in Greater Bombay: the city's 3,809 factories have doubled in the past ten years, and the reclaimed land in the city's Back Bay area is scheduled to be transformed into a Mafatlal Center by Financier Arvind Mafatlal, who hopes to emulate Manhattan's Rockefeller Center. "There is only one reason for Bombay," says a local editor, "the fine practice of making money."

KENYA

And Where Were You In the War, Daddy?

There were at most 500 Mau Mau terrorists still in hiding when Kenya won its independence a month ago. By last week more than 2,000 had flocked out of the forests to claim free bed and board, jobs and a place at the head of the queue for choice farmlands. At the present rate, former "forest freedom fighters" will soon outnumber Kenya's 2,600-man regular army. If only the Mau Mau had known its own strength, cracked one official, "we would have won eight years ago."

At any rate, Kenya seemed well on the way to solving its unemployment problem. To qualify for veterans' benefits, Nairobi's neediest only have to trot out of town, drape themselves in a monkey skin and return chanting a Mau Mau jingle. It was all a little embarrassing for Prime Minister Jomo Kenyatta. Branch offices of his ruling KANU party, having promised to feed all newly returned Mau Maus until they get settled, were going broke all through the former White Highlands, where the self-styled heroes aim to get 16-acre farms on the Mau Mau bill of rights. According to rank, hundreds of other comrades were billeted in tents, schools and stately homes vacated by departing settlers. Trouble was, nearly everyone claimed to have been a "field marshal." After talking to scores of happy warriors, newsmen reported that they had found only one admitted enlisted man. He gave his rank as Regimental Sergeant Major, Atomic.

MALI

The Blue Men Rise

Kiss the hand you cannot sever.

—Old Tuareg Saying

It cost the French army hundreds of hands to put the Tuaregs in a kissing mood. The fierce, veiled warriors of the high Sahara gave up their murderous ways only in 1917, when they settled uneasily into a pastoral life as goat and camel herders in the sere, sand-scoured mountains north of Timbuctoo. Last week in the Republic of Mali, some 5,000 Tuaregs decided the kissing had to stop. Holed up in the Adrar des Iforas, a parched, 40,000-sq.-mi. redoubt that straddles the Mali-Algerian border, they prepared to fight off half of Mali's army.

Moderation & Macaroni. The Iforas rebels represent only a fractious fraction of some 500,000 "blue men" who range the Sahara from Mauritania to Libya. Nominally white, they get their colorful name from the dark blue robes they wear. The robes are impregnated with a cheap dye that rubs off and stains the Tuaregs' skins a glossy, metallic blue. The Tuaregs seem to be related to the Phoenicians, write with an ancient alphabet called tifinagh that can be read from right to left, left to right,



TUAREG WARRIORS
The kissing had to stop.

up or down. But they use it often to compose erotic poetry or scrawl obscenities on lonely desert rocks. Luke-warm Moslems, the Tuaregs twist the usual Islamic custom by insisting that their men go veiled while the women's faces remain bare. It is not a bad idea, since most Tuareg women are handsome—at least before marriage. Obesity is a sign of beauty among the Tuaregs, and many tribesmen force-feed their wives on macaroni and goat's milk just as the people of Strasbourg stuff their geese.

French administrators tamed the Tuaregs only by treating them with moderation. In return for giving up their *razzias*—raids for slaves and plunder—and such practices as impaling thieves on spikes placed under their chins and armpits, the Tuaregs were permitted to roam the Sahara as if there were no boundaries. And the French always winked when the Tuaregs cheated on their cattle taxes.

Cattle & Collectors. But such leniency was more than Mali's President Modibo Keita could afford. Eager to create a sound, solvent state, he exercised his sovereignty in 1962 by raising Mali's cattle tax by 300% (to \$1.20 a head), stubbornly insisted on collecting it. The Tuaregs saw no reason why they should obey. Blithely, they began smuggling their cattle into Niger and Upper Volta. When Keita's tax collectors cracked down, the Tuaregs began shooting.

Last week a Keita ultimatum demanding that the Iforas Tuaregs turn in their weapons expired with no response. "This is their last chance," roared the President. "All rebels found carrying arms will be shot immediately." But Keita's harsh threat sounded as empty as the echoing wastes of the Iforas. Merely keeping the 800-mile supply line open from Mali's capital city of Bamako to the ruggedly desolate Iforas hills has brought Keita's tottering treasury close to collapse.



KENYATTA & MAU MAU GENERAL
The army had no privates.



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PEOPLE

"The only thing that cuts a little ice," E. M. Forster once wrote, "is affection or the possibility of affection." When his 85th birthday rolled around on New Year's Day, the author of *A Passage to India* eschewed any public remembrances or large party, instead spent the holidays with Robert Buckingham, 40, a Coventry probation officer. The two met when Buckingham was ten and have been fast friends ever since. "I spent a very quiet day on my birthday with him, his wife and their three children," said the gentle, aging bachelor. "I suppose by American standards you'd say it was a dull British day, but I like to have the children around me."

They don't actually have to start with that penny-ante stuff, but the experience could be useful. So it was that Sydney Lawford, 7, and her cousin, Maria Shriver, 8, went into business in front of the Palm Beach mansion of Grandfather Joseph P. Kennedy. Shrewd choice of location. The manse fronts on much-traveled North County Road—and their product, cold drinks priced at a nickel a gulp, quickly attracted a large clientele. But shortly the cops stepped in. Peddling without a license? No. Traffic jam.

It seemed only right to ask Lord Jellicoe, 45, to open London's international boat show. A son of a former admiral of the fleet and himself First Lord of the Admiralty, he is obviously the saltiest of salts. Except that he isn't. "This happens to be the first boat show I have ever been to," he confessed. And having let that out, he plunged full steam ahead. As a small boy he had capsized a good many more dinghies than most other small boys, and apart from "a bit of paddling" about the Mediterranean during the war, he really wasn't the least bit qualified to open the exhibit. In fact, he said, throwing it all up, "I get frightfully seasick."

After all those nights with the iguana down Mexico way, Director John Huston, 57, must have been getting used to "Juan." But it turns out he prefers "Sean." An Irishman by heritage, and a between-films resident of the Ould Sod for twelve years, the Missouri-born Huston has renounced his U.S. citizenship in favor of becoming Irish. "A person should be a citizen of the country in which he lives," said he. "I suppose it's a sort of atavism—a desire to get back to my ancestral roots. I've been thinking of this move for a couple of years. It has nothing to do with taxes."

What Ed wants, Ed usually gets. And what he wanted Right Now for the *Ed Sullivan Show* was Sister Luc-Gabrielle, 28, better known as the Singing Nun, Soeur Sourire, who zipped to the top of the record heap with *Dominique*.

But Soeur Sourire shies away from her success. So Good Roman Catholic Ed asked the New York archdiocese to put in a word, and off he flew to tape a carefully supervised 18-minute session in the Dominican monastery near Waterloo, Belgium. "As a Catholic and a gentleman, I wouldn't argue with them," said TV's top impresario. "They ran the show." The fee? "No money," said the Mother Prioress, "but we have a mission in the Congo. Would it be possible to send a heavy-duty Jeep with rain curtains?" Ed is out shopping for the most waterproof Willys he can find.

From Manhattan's Masie Cox, 18, to Washington D.C.'s Nikia Clark, 18, the presentation of 50 girls at the silk-bedecked International Debutante Ball took a full hour before things finally settled down to dancing (the twist was Out, the charleston In). But no one seemed to mind as the girls from 12 foreign lands and 13 American states put on their own beauty contest—each lass escorted by assigned service-academy cadets and personally chosen Ivy League types. Everybody's favorite foreign find was Scotland's bonnie Marney Jane Bulman, 19, and domestically, New Jersey came out very nicely, thank you, with both its debs Gretchen Boyer, 18, and Janet Coates, 18. Even so, the friendly "Hey there, nice to see you" spirit of such Texans as Lucy Ross, 18, won the loudest applause. And the Texas gals drew well-modulated ooohs with ever-deeper, doom-defying curtsies that started when Bonnie Bowman, 19, gracefully dipped her forehead to with-in a wisp of touch-down.

Among the various business ventures of John Glenn, 42, and the six other original U.S. astronauts, none triggered so much flak as their two-year-old investment in the luxurious, 129-room Cape Colony Inn at Cape Kennedy. NASA superiors argue that the investment could be construed as unseemly capitalization on the space program. Not so, cries Astronaut Attorney Leo DeOrsey, 60, but "we felt that if it's distasteful to the boss, let's get out." So out they got, with each of the boys netting a tidy \$6,000 profit on an initial \$7,500 outlay. DeOrsey, who put up more than \$50,000 at the start, was not saying how much he came away with.

Ill lay: Spencer Tracy, 63, in his Los Angeles home, with a continuing respiratory ailment complicated by diabetes; Cincinnati Reds' Manager Fred Hutchinson, 44, in his physician brother's Seattle home, with a malignancy in an undisclosed area; Brendan Behan, 40, in Dublin's Meath Hospital, with pneumonia and head injuries after he was found lying in a pool of blood. He had been out celebrating his exit from the Royal City of Dublin Hospital.



MASIE & THE REST



NIKIA



LUCY



MARNEY



GRETCHEN



JANET



BONNIE

Well-modulated ooohs.

RELIGION

THE PAPACY

Ordeal of a Pilgrim

Even his most ardent admirers grant that until now Pope Paul has been overshadowed by the memory of his predecessor. Shy, introspective and apparently indecisive at times, Paul seemed to lack the warmth and humanity that made John XXIII so universally loved. But last week, on a precedent-breaking trip to the Holy Land, his impressive character emerged with clarity. Time and again the frail, 66-year-old Pontiff found himself engulfed by riotous mobs in an almost carnival mood that—in all innocence—threatened his life. It was a severe test. By meeting it with unfaltering patience and good humor, Paul VI appeared before the world as more than merely an intellectual pastor; he stood forth as a man of intense inward dedication, piety and exemplary courage.

Perhaps the Pope suspected that his simple "pious journey" to the shrines commemorating events in Jesus' life might turn into the kind of ordeal usually reserved for Hollywood stars and winning politicians. In preparation for the trip, he canceled most of his public appearances last week, spent three prayerful days in retreat. On the day of

his flight to Jordan, he rose before dawn to meditate and celebrate Mass. By 7:30, he had said his farewell to the cardinals of the Roman Curia, and settled down in his black Mercedes limousine for the 16-mile trip to Leonardo da Vinci airport.

Convicts & Jets. Church bells tolled a greeting as the papal entourage passed along the streets of Rome. Despite the tight schedule that Vatican officials had toyed and fussed with all week, the Pope took the journey at his own pace. Once he stopped to greet a delegation of convicts from Regina Coeli prison, another time to bless a crowd gathered in the village of Acilia. At the windswept airport the Pope shook hands with a platform-full of dignitaries, including Italian President Antonio Segni and Premier Aldo Moro. Clearly enjoying his venture, the Pope blessed the crowd (tough old Socialist Pietro Nenni, Italy's Vice Premier, conspicuously refused to cross himself) before taking his seat in the Vatican-chartered Alitalia DC-8 jet.

It was a bitter, blustery, cloud-darkened afternoon when the papal plane arrived at Amman. Because fog and overcast had briefly threatened to divert the flight to Beirut, Jordan's King Hussein, a first-rate pilot, went to the control tower to supervise the landing. Guns barked out a 21-gun salute as the Pope stepped out of the plane; girls from a Roman Catholic school curtsied and offered him bouquets of flowers. In his deliberate, Sandhurst English, the tiny Moslem king welcomed the Pope to Jordan and hailed him as "a great leader in the service of humanity and the service of peace." Answering in English, Paul once more described his trip as "a humble pilgrimage to the sacred places made holy by the birth, the life, the passion and death of Jesus Christ, and by his glorious Resurrection. At each of these venerable shrines we shall pray for that peace which Jesus left to his disciples."

That day, the Pope found no peace himself. King Hussein had tried to provide adequately for the Pope's safety, and an entire brigade of tough Arab legionnaires had been summoned to reinforce police and national guardsmen. But it soon proved not enough. On the 54-mile drive from Amman to Jerusalem, the Pope stopped on the banks of the Jordan, where Jesus had been baptized by John the Baptist. Photographers squirmed through the guarding cordons and jostled the Pope as he walked from his car to the river bank. Hovering over the

scene, as a kind of airborne royal patrolman, was Hussein, at the controls of a Jordanian helicopter.

Unexpected Realities. When he entered Jerusalem, the Pope had intended to deliver a few words of greeting to the ancient, holy—and bitterly divided—city. He never got the chance, for the Pope—accustomed to the Byzantine orderliness of Vatican protocol—was brutally brought face to face with some unexpected realities of modern life. When the papal entourage wheeled into the square outside the Damascus Gate, a wave of humanity broke through the guards and surrounded the Pope's car. Newsmen, predictably, were in the lead, but priests, nuns, children, legionnaires and tourists were swept along by the tide. For nearly 30 minutes, the mob blocked the way—cheering so loudly that startled Israelis even risked snipers' bullets by peering across the well-guarded boundary between the two sectors of the city.

Just before he reached the gate, the Pope squeezed out of his car and was immediately hemmed in against his guards by nearly 5,000 people. It was a friendly mob—roaring out "Long live the Pope" in a score of languages, pelting him with cologne-scented water from the Jordan—but the tough legionnaires treated it like an Israeli attack force. Swinging rifle butts and even olive branches snatched from waiting children, the soldiers tried to clear a path so the Pope could walk in prayer along the shabby, bazaar-littered Via Dolorosa, venerated as the street along which Jesus carried his cross to Calvary. The Pope twice stopped to meditate briefly at a station of the Cross and once slipped inside a convent for 25 minutes of rest and prayer, while outside, his security guards attempted to control the screaming, pushing mob. As they hurried the Pope toward the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, his Vatican plainclothes bodyguards openly cursed the crowd. But not Paul: an island of serenity in an ocean of turmoil, he smiled gently as he bobbed along, blessing the mass of onlookers.

"I Can't Take Any More." But Paul found little respite at the Holy Sepulcher—a jumbled, decaying basilica that, like so many of the other holy places in Israel and Jordan, has throughout its history been the focus of countless jurisdictional squabbles among Roman Catholics, Orthodox, Copts and Armenians. Donning white liturgical vestments, the Pope celebrated Mass upon an austere portable altar set up near the place designated as the tomb in which Jesus' body lay between his death and Resurrection. The church, like the streets outside, was jammed to capacity.

During the ceremonies, an aged Franciscan bearing a container of holy water was pummeled so badly that he collapsed and was carried off murmuring: "I can't take any more." A fire started in the power lines brought in to provide additional illumination for TV



POPE & ENTOURAGE AT JORDAN RIVER
A pause at sacred places made holy.



PAUL VI ON VIA DOLOROSA
On the way to Calvary, prayer was impossible.

cameras, electricity was switched off, and the Pope had to finish his Mass by the light of candles alone.

Paul seemed unbothered by the shouting and jostling around him; he recited the prayers rapidly and intently—and some observers noted tears rolling down his cheeks. After the Mass, the Pope entered the tomb to meditate silently for a few minutes.

It was long past nightfall when the Pope at last escaped to the relative quiet of the Apostolic Delegate's residence in Jerusalem for supper and a few moments of rest. There he received courtesy calls from Jerusalem's Armenian Patriarch Yeheshe Dederian and Orthodox Patriarch Benediktos I, who discussed arrangements for the Pope's meeting with Patriarch Athenagoras of Constantinople after the trip to shrines in Israel. In a departure from his schedule, the Pope returned the call on Benediktos—marking the first time in many centuries that a bishop of Rome had been the guest of an Orthodox patriarch.

The Ultimate Hope. By his own personal dignity, courage and unquestioned sincerity, Pope Paul had brought some semblance of order and meaning to a day marred by the behavior of newsmen, the crowds and bully-boy Jordanian troops. But it was at the last station of Pope Paul's personal Via Dolorosa that the ultimate hope of the trip—the breaking down of the barriers that have for so long separated Roman Catholicism and Orthodoxy—emerged from a final scene of confusion.

The Pope's last stop Saturday night, appropriately, was the Garden of Gethsemane, where Jesus had prayed before the onset of his Passion. Here, still another surging crowd blocked the entrance to the Church of All Nations. A bazooka-bearing Jordanian armored car bulldozed a path, and four burly legionnaires, rifles clasped across their chests, guided the Pope to safety. As had happened before, many of the Pope's retinue were separated from him by the mob; this time, Eugene Cardinal

Tisserant, 79, was whacked over the head with an umbrella as he staggered through the melee, shouting "I'm a cardinal! I'm a cardinal!"

Inside the church, the Pope led the congregation of 1,500 in a special 40-minute service of prayer, in which priests chanted the Gospels in six languages. Then the Pope moved among the guests, shaking hands and giving them his blessing. Suddenly, one Greek Orthodox prelate knelt and kissed the papal ring. Pope Paul, in a spontaneous brotherly gesture, lifted the bishop to his feet and joyously kissed him on both cheeks. The church echoed with cheers.

ORTHODOXY

Descendant of St. Andrew

Pope Paul VI is the 261st successor of St. Peter as Bishop of Rome; Ecumenical Patriarch Athenagoras I of Constantinople is the 261st successor of St. Andrew, legendary founder of the church there. Once the two sees were equal in strength and power. Now, the Pope is infallible ruler of 558 million Roman Catholics. Athenagoras is somewhat grudgingly acknowledged as primate by the other patriarchates and churches of Orthodoxy (total membership: perhaps 150 million), but he exerts direct jurisdiction over scarcely 2,000,000 people, mainly in Turkey, the Dodecanese Islands and the U.S.

Nonetheless, tall (6 ft. 4 in.) Patriarch Athenagoras, a multilingual diplomat-priest, makes up in personal stature what he lacks in spiritual authority. "He is an outstanding churchman," says one Vatican official, "a modernizer in the same tradition as John XXIII."

Too Old for the Army. Born in the northern Greek village of Vasilikon when it was still under Turkish rule, Aristokles Spirou entered the Orthodox Seminary near Istanbul in 1903, took the name Athenagoras (rhymes with again a chorus) when he was ordained a deacon. He was raised to episcopal rank in 1922, and came to the U.S. in

1931 as Archbishop of the Greek Orthodox Church of North and South America. Athenagoras became an American citizen, even tried to enlist after Pearl Harbor, was turned down as too old.

Athenagoras was elected Patriarch of Constantinople in 1948. His predecessor had gone mad on the job, which ranks among the most difficult spiritual posts in Christendom. The Patriarch can seldom act without checking first with the other churches, which sometimes find it convenient to undermine his authority. Particularly antagonistic is the big Russian church, to which more than a third of the world's Orthodox Christians belong. Orthodoxy in Greece has mixed feelings about the Patriarch. Rome-hating Archbishop Chrysostomos of Athens deplored Athenagoras' Holy Land visit as "hasty." But many laymen and lower clergy admire the Patriarch and condemn the intransigence of Greece's Holy Synod.

Athenagoras must often maintain polite diplomatic silence in the face of open hostility from Turkish Moslems. Orthodox clergy, except for the Patriarch himself, are forbidden to wear clerical garb in public. Last week Istanbul papers bitterly attacked Athenagoras for not condemning the Greek Cypriots.

Breaking the Ice. The patriarchal palace is a dusty little compound near the lumberyards of old Stamboul, across the Golden Horn from modern Istanbul. There, Athenagoras rises at 7 for prayer, spends most of his days keeping up with a vast worldwide correspondence and seeing visitors, to whom he offers a tidbit of sickly sweet Turkish jam. Eager to prod Orthodoxy into a dialogue with other churches, Athenagoras looked forward to his meeting with the Pope. "The ice has been broken," said Athenagoras. "Soon a new era will begin in the history of Christendom."



ATHENAGORAS LEAVING FOR JERUSALEM
A new era for Christendom.

THE LAW

THE COURTS

Traffic Jam

Dead: 422. Injured: more than 20,000. Cause: driving on those happy, blood-soaked holidays, Christmas and New Year's. As the last twisted wreck was towed away, the last bits of glass and gore rinsed off the asphalt, lawyers and insurance companies began the dreary job of figuring up the price tag on destruction. Determining who pays how much for auto accidents is far and away the biggest legal business in the U.S. today.

The automobile accounts for half to three-quarters of personal-injury suits, fully 25% of all civil cases brought to state law courts. In Chicago, more than 50,000 auto cases are awaiting trial. In Los Angeles, auto liability cases have nearly tripled in the past decade. In New York City, more than 90,000 new cases come up each year. Across the country, Americans pay out \$6.5 billion a year in automobile insurance premiums—yet in the past decade the insurance companies have suffered a net loss of more than \$850,000 on this business.

Padding Bricks & Padded Bills. For many a victim, an auto accident is a ticket to a lottery in which the value of his injuries depends on a lawyer's skill and a jury's unpredictable sympathies. About half the time, in fact, juries in personal-injury cases decide for the defendant rather than the person claiming to be hurt. Yet some juries are markedly munificent. A Philadelphia jury gave \$500,000 to a man injured in a taxi crash who claimed he suffered "excessive pain" in his back when anything touched it, even his clothing. A San Diego woman, arms and legs paralyzed, blinded in one eye, her speech and hearing impaired by a collision with a police car, won \$650,000.

Such large awards are rare, though insurance companies claim that the highly publicized examples raise the average size of all awards and settlements. What bothers the underwriters more than the occasional big payoff is the widespread evidence of fraud. In one macabre conspiracy, a Los Angeles man arranged to have a friend push his car off a cliff, smash both his legs with a padded brick, and place him and his drugged wife beside the wreck. "No one would ever believe that I was crazy enough," boasted the man; the plot was uncovered—and the conspirators jailed—only because his friend got frightened and called the sheriff.

In Washington County, Pa., where auto insurance rates and the size of awards have both climbed to the highest levels in the state, the insurance companies and the county bar association have been battling what they say was an unspoken working agreement among certain courts, lawyers, witnesses and claimants. Judges in the county have been repeatedly rebuked by higher state courts for their handling of damage suits. One man who did not even miss work after his auto accident got \$9,000 for a sprained thumb. In another case, two defense lawyers charged that the judge entered the jury room during deliberations to urge a "liberal" award.

Delay before the Jury. What the average auto accident claimant wants to recover, according to a recent New York study, is the actual cost of his medical and car-repair bills plus "a little gravy" to pay him for his trouble and pain. What he gets, according to the same study, is an average \$850. After paying his lawyer, he has about \$500 left.

Getting his case to the jury so that he collects even that much may take four years in New York City, three

years in Boston, over 2½ years in Honolulu or Detroit. Courts in Los Angeles have held the delay to less than two years. In Miami the wait is less than six months—an interval many lawyers consider too short to allow the medical evidence to "ripen." But in Chicago, at the other extreme, the traffic jam is backed up for a staggering 5½ years.

Urged on by such delays, fully 90% of accident claims are brought to some sort of compromise before a jury verdict is reached. And court congestion, widely blamed on auto cases, is causing increasing pressure for court reforms. Compulsory pretrial meetings may expedite early settlements. Split trials, a new device where a jury first decides whether the defendant is liable at all, before the amount of damages is discussed, are being tried in Illinois and Pennsylvania. Some lawyers even propose a new kind of insurance that would compensate auto accident victims no matter who was at fault, eliminating the need for these negligence lawsuits.

In Chicago last week, Chief Judge John S. Boyle instituted a complete reorganization of the county circuit court: until last week, no more than eight judges were hearing personal-injury cases; now 40 fulltime judges will be assigned to these trials, with six more hearing nothing but pretrial proceedings. "We have just got to make a massive attempt," says Boyle. "People keep smashing into each other, and we must make better arrangements to get them to court."

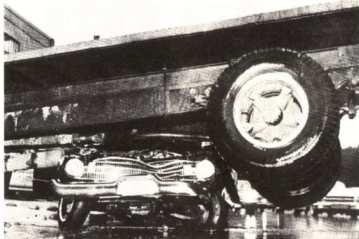
THE BAR

How to Improve the Profession

The weather was balmy and bright in Los Angeles, but a fog of gloom sometimes seemed to invade the Association of American Law Schools convention held there last week. Amid the many speeches and panel discussions, two somber questions recurred several times: Is the legal profession in the U.S. getting only barely passing grades in professional ethics? And is it flunking in social responsibilities?

Truth or Spectacle. One panel worried over the conduct of New York City lawyers, as revealed in a study by Lawyer-Sociologist Jerome E. Carlin. According to Carlin's findings, which are based on hundreds of interviews, more than 20% of the city's lawyers persistently breach canons of professional ethics. Most of the violators, Carlin reported, are lawyers practicing on their own or as members of small firms; in large law firms, standards of conduct run higher.

In another panel, University of Texas Law Professor Jerre S. Williams raised a point that has long troubled many attorneys: the dubious ethics of the all's-fair-in-war tactics used by many successful trial lawyers. Williams argued that it is unethical to have clients use makeup to present a better appearance for the jury, or for lawyers to horse-



NEW YEAR'S EVE IN JACKSONVILLE
After the crack-up, years to collect.



COLUMBIA'S GELLHORN
Before the bar, a barrier.

shed^{*} witnesses before they testify. "Are we trying to get at the truth or put on a spectacle?" Williams asked.

The association's outgoing president, Columbia Law Professor Walter Gellhorn, complained that, except in criminal proceedings, legal services are generally available only to those who can afford them. A penniless accused criminal must be provided with counsel, but lower- and middle-income people with civil problems often must make do without lawyers or "are likely to be served by lawyers with markedly inferior technical and ethical standards," Gellhorn mentioned legal "clinics" as a possibility, along with other substitutes for "traditional representation that cannot now be provided economically."

Gellhorn also expressed concern about the profession's failure to encourage promising young Negroes to study law. "Many law schools are eagerly prepared to welcome Negro entrants, but applicants for admission are rare," Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz weighed in with the suggestion that one big reason for the shortage of Negro law students is the shortage of opportunities for them in the large law firms after graduation. The legal profession, said Wirtz, is "the worst segregated group in our society."

Teaching Honesty. The delegates not only considered the faults of present lawyers, but also how schools might improve the ethics of future lawyers. The professors who spoke were not cheerful on that point either. "I don't think you can teach law students to be honest," said Professor Williams. "Their values have been set before they come to us. I still agree with the oft-made statement that the best way to attain better ethics in the law profession is to have a few good disbarments."

* Lawyers' slang for "preparing" witnesses. The term apparently derives from pre-automobile days, when lawyers often met with their witnesses in horse sheds.



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EDUCATION

There's Money in Monet— but how much?

Recently a friend of ours inherited an early Monet.

In telling us about it, he said that for insurance purposes the painting was appraised at \$50,000.

Nice inheritance that—but his only problem was that he couldn't find a buyer at anywhere near that price.

As a matter of fact, the best he could do was have a well-known gallery auction it off—without even a minimum guarantee.

Our friend didn't go for that, so he's scouting around for some wealthy person who might fall in love with his Monet—take it off his hands at an attractive price.

We wish our friend well in his search. But there is something dismaying about trying to market a painting that might bring an offer of \$10,000 from one buyer—\$50,000 from another—if you're lucky enough to find him.

In our business, it doesn't work that way.

Every minute, of every hour, of every trading day on the New York Stock Exchange, the offers from all over the country to buy any one of some 1800 listed securities are matched against offers from all over the country to sell them.

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Within seconds anybody can usually find out just what his stock is worth; can sell it if he chooses to at the highest bidder available.

Comforting thought that, if you ever need to raise money in a hurry. More comforting perhaps than shopping around for a Monet.



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HIGH SCHOOLS

Afterward, College for All

An oldtime newspaper editor once defined his job as telling the people what they think. Such focusing of half-formed opinion is the role of the Educational Policies Commission, an independent offshoot of the National Education Association. In 1938 the commission echoed the country by defining the goal of U.S. schools as "economic efficiency," in 1951 as "the pursuit of happiness," in 1961 as "the ability to think." To that rising curve of academic aspiration, the commission last week added a new goal: "Universal opportunity" for all Americans to go beyond high school—free of charge—for two more years of "intellectual growth."

As society grows more complex, said the 19-member commission* in a 36-page report, the challenge is to free every American mind to cope and choose wisely. "A man is free in the degree to which he has a rational grasp of himself and his surroundings. The main restrictions to freedom are prejudice and ignorance. It is in this sense that a person without some degree of intellectual sophistication, though he may be free to think, speak and act as he pleases, is not free." And such freedom is "beyond the maturity attained by most adolescents." They need at least two more years of mind-opening general education, rather than specific job skills that may soon become obsolete. Moreover, they should be given tuition-free access to "non-selective" public colleges, plus the "means for living away from home" if needed.

Mass education has grown fantastically in the U.S. since 1900, when only 6.4% of the country's 17-year-olds graduated from high school. Today, 65% of the eligible age group graduate; 58% of the graduates enter college. Although 40% of all collegians drop out, the net product of U.S. education dwarfs the efforts of every other country. The British, for example, have only begun to provide free secondary education on the U.S. scale of 20 years ago.

But the U.S. is hurrying on from this achievement, chiefly by means of two-year junior colleges. Already 703 of them (425 public) enroll 25% of all college freshmen; by 1970 they may enroll 75% and become the academic minimum that high schools are today. "The goal of universal education beyond the high school," says the commission, "is no more utopian than the goal of full citizenship for all Americans, for the first is becoming prerequisite to the second."

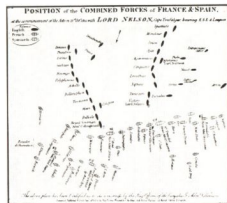
* Including Baltimore's School Superintendent George B. Brain, Detroit's Superintendent Samuel M. Brownell, Historian-Columist (New York Post) Max Lerner, and President O. Meredith Wilson of the University of Minnesota.

TEACHING

Packaged History

"Imagine yourself alive and at your present age in 1805; what would you be thinking about and hearing from everyone round you? Ten to one it would be the fear that England would be invaded by 'that devil in human form,' Napoleon."

Imagining one's self at great events such as the Battle of Trafalgar has always been a way to make history memorable—but imaginations often need more help than ordinary textbooks provide. So a clever Britisher has turned from books to kits: his Jackdaw No. 1, dealing with Trafalgar, makes a child



JACKDAW'S BATTLE PLAN
Right out of Nelson's files.

feel as if the Admiralty had bequeathed him Lord Nelson's personal files.

Jackdaw No. 1 comes in an envelope the size of a legal pad. It has words: eight close-printed pages describing everything from Nelson's birth in a Norfolk parsonage to his burial in St. Paul's. And to go with the words are eleven graphic exhibits—a map, a battle plan, paintings and a detailed cutaway drawing of Nelson's flagship *Victory*, plus facsimiles of a crucial Nelson memorandum of the London Times of Nov. 7, 1805, and of ten signal flags by which Nelson told his fleet in code, ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY.

Trafalgar is the first of three kits just put out by London Publisher Jonathan Cape for schoolchildren aged nine to 16. The other Jackdaws (named after the mimic bird) are equally graphic dossiers on Columbus' discovery of America and London's 17th century plague and fire. Soon to be published: more kits on the Magna Carta, the Armada, the Gunpowder Plot and the boy Shakespeare (timed to coincide with the bard's 400th anniversary).

The kits, which cost \$1.35 each, are remarkably close to what U.S. curriculum reformers have been crying for: "postholing" case studies that dig deep into key historical events and by sugges-

tion and inference tell the contextual history. Author of the new series is John Langdon-Davies, a sometime history scholar, novelist and war correspondent, who reckons that he knows something about engaging young minds. At 67, he has seven children, ranging downward in age from 44 to three.

With warm response from schoolmasters all over Britain, Langdon-Davies aims to visualize and dramatize "living history with its news sheets and battle plans, its surprises and disasters, presented in authentic detail." With his first kits a sellout, he plans new ones (possibly to be published in the U.S.) on everything from the Battle of Agincourt to the Boston Tea Party, from the Irish famine to the Battle of Britain.

EDUCATION ABROAD

Kenya's Curious Bottleneck

Kenya, Africa's newest nation, has a primary school system that enrolls a generous 80% of eligible-age children, a secondary school bottleneck that drastically cuts down advancement, and a post-secondary system that further constricts the flow so that the country's ultramodern, \$11 million Royal College is left scandalously underpopulated.

Primary schools, half of them still run by Christian missionaries, now enroll 1,000,000 children, but secondary schools have fewer than 25,000 students and are falling back compared with needs. In 1962 the secondary schools could take only an eighth of all primary graduates; by 1966 they will be able to take only a twentieth. And before secondary graduates can enter college in Nairobi's branch of the new University of East Africa, they must take two extra years of "sixth form" in schools so limited that the entire country has only 1,000 sixth-formers.

As a result, the Royal College is desperately short of students. It aims to enroll about 6,000, now has only 550. With its outsize faculty of 109, the college maintains, for example, one math course for two students, one geology class for one student. Thus curiously balked at home, Kenya's secondary graduates beg or borrow to get a higher education overseas. Hundreds flocked to the U.S. in recent years as part of Justice Minister Tom Mboya's "airlift," which provided scholarships to U.S. colleges. Kenya now has 1,150 students in the U.S., 1,400 in Britain, 200 behind the Iron Curtain.

Kenya might logically bypass the sixth form and let secondary graduates into the Royal College. "We are wasting people in the name of standards," says Chief Education Officer K. K. Mwenda. But new nations understandably hesitate to lower the standards of what they have that is good, and until Kenya can build a substantial link between primary schools and colleges, it seems fated to go on being a strange combination of the adequate, the inadequate and the opulent.

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BART LYTTON, PRESIDENT AND BOARD CHAIRMAN

TIME's job, in a world that gets more complex all the time, is to sort out the essential from the transitory, to get to the bottom of conflicting claims, to pierce through the propaganda and the puffery, to try to get the facts right and to make the conclusions sound.

from TIME Publisher's Letter

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from TIME's Prospectus, 1922

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DESIGN

The Dymaxion American

(See Cover)

He has been called "the first poet of technology," "the greatest living genius of industrial-technical realization in building," "an anticipator of the world to come—which is different from being a prophet," "a seminal thinker," and "an inspired child." But all these encomiums are fairly recent. For most of his life, R. Buckminster Fuller was known simply as a crackpot.

He is also something more than the mere sum of his praise and criticism. He is a throwback to the classic American individualist, a mold which produced Thomas Edison and Thoreau—men with the fresh eye that sees and questions everything anew, and the crotchety mind that refuses to believe there is anything that cannot be done. What Fuller sees excites him with the vision of man's potentialities, and he has made it his mission to help man realize them. Says he: "Man knows so much and does so little."

Last week this crackpot stepped off a plane in London, spouting words the minute his feet touched ground, and headed for a dinner in his honor at the Royal Institute of British Architects. On Sunday he went to Bristol for two days of touring and talking. His next stop: Ghana's University of Science and Technology, which has been waiting a year for his arrival this week to conduct a four-week research and development project.

Today Richard Buckminster Fuller, 68, of Carbondale, Ill.—whose college career never got beyond his freshman midyears—is famous for houses that fly and bathtubs without water, for cars and maps and ways of living bearing the mysterious word "Dymaxion," for things called "octet trusses," "synergetics" and "tensegrity." But he is best known of all for his massive mid-century breakthrough known as the "geodesic dome."

Plastic, Cardboard & Bamboo. In ten years the famed domes of Bucky Fuller have covered more square feet of the earth than any other single kind of shelter. U.S. Marines have lived and worked in them from Antarctica to Okinawa. Beneath them, radar antennas turn tirelessly along the 4,500 miles of the DEW line, which guards the North American continent against surprise attack. For eight years, the U.S. has been using Fuller domes to house

its exhibits at global trade fairs; they have represented America in Warsaw, Casablanca, Istanbul, Kabul, Tunis, Lima, New Delhi, Accra, Bangkok, Tokyo, Osaka. The Russians were so impressed by the 200-ft.-diameter dome at the 1959 U.S. exhibit in Moscow that they bought it. "Mr. J. Buckingham Fuller must come to Russia and teach our engineers," garbled Premier Khrushchev.

They are being made of almost anything and everything—polyester fiber glass, alloy aluminum, weatherproofed cardboard, plastic, bamboo. More than 50 companies have taken out licenses to make them in the U.S. alone. The small domes are light enough to be

possible, if Bucky has his way, that cities will roof their centers over with vast translucent domes, beneath which mass air conditioning and weatherproofing will enable houses and stores to be constructed only for privacy and aesthetic delight. Bucky has already proposed one to cover Manhattan from river to river and from 22nd St. to 62nd St. which would soar nearly three-quarters of a mile above the Empire State building, but would contain less steel than the *Queen Mary*.

Such superdomes are in fact already feasible: several New York designers are still smoldering at World's Fair President Robert Moses for vetoing a proposal to cover the 646 acres of the fair with a Fuller dome a mile or so in diameter. "What an opportunity missed!" says Arthur Drexler, di-

rector of architecture and design at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art. "It would have had the same impact on the world of design as the Crystal Palace at London's great exhibition in 1851—probably more so, because the Crystal Palace prefab pieces had classical roots, whereas Bucky's dome is totally new."

Romantic Pioneer. Bucky Fuller, as he calls himself and urges everyone else to call him, is a charismatic man who attracted a cult following even in the days when he seemed to the unclouded eye little more than some kind of a nut. Today, at 68, he is more charismatic than ever and evokes an impressive chorus of enthusiasm from many of those best qualified to judge his work.

Architect Nathaniel Owings of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill pronounces Fuller "the most creative man in our field; he's the only

one that's dealing with something that's totally dissimilar to what everybody else is doing. He's tried to find out how nature really works." Architect Minoru Yamasaki calls him "an intense, devoted genius, whose mind, which is better than an IBM machine, has influenced all of us." Italy's famed Architect Gio Ponti feels that Fuller is "not only a romantic pioneer who sees 50 years ahead, but a genius who has already realized his dreams as to what humanity needs and how the world must look in the future."

Fuller unquestionably agrees with them all. He sees himself quite simply as a kind of technological avatar, come for the liberation of mankind. Says he: "In 1927 I made a bargain with myself that I'd discover the principles operative in the universe and turn them over to my fellow men."

That year of 1927 was the low point



FULLER IN FULL CRY

Man is a pattern, not seven tons of vegetables.

lifted by helicopter, and they practically build themselves. Non-English-speaking Eskimos can put them together in a matter of hours out of color-coded components. The day his company began erecting a geodesic auditorium in Hawaii, Henry J. Kaiser hopped a plane from San Francisco to see the work in progress, but it was finished by the time he got there, and seated an audience of 1,832 at a concert that same night.

The Weatherproof City. Structurally unlimited as to size, cheap to make, requiring no obstructing columns for support, the geodesic dome uses less structural material to cover more space than any other building ever devised. The diameter of the one built for the Union Tank Car Co. in Baton Rouge is the length of a football field. Next year the Union of South Africa expects to be using geodesic huts for low-cost housing. And within a decade it is quite

of his life, the dark night of the soul in which his real work began, when he stood on the shore of Lake Michigan and tried to decide whether or not to kill himself.

He arrived on that shore with the best New England credentials. His great-great-great-grandfather came from the Isle of Wight only ten years after the *Mayflower's* famous landing at Plymouth Rock and fathered a male line of descendants of which every one was a clergyman or a lawyer except Bucky's father, who became a merchant importer. But his most illustrious ancestor was a woman, Transcendentalist Margaret Fuller, the literary friend of Emerson and discoverer of Thoreau, whose strong-minded individualism presaged Bucky's own.

The major influence upon him as a child, he feels, were his summers spent at the small island his family owned, eleven miles off the mainland in Maine's Penobscot Bay. Boats were the chief preoccupation on Bear Island, and here young Bucky revelled in the lore and learning, puttering and fixing and improvising of the nautical world. Winters he went to prep school as a day pupil at Milton Academy in Massachusetts, an oddball, lonely child whose hazel eyes swam grotesquely behind the thick-lensed glasses he wore to correct the extreme farsightedness he was born with. Bucky was small but sturdy, and he was aggressive enough to achieve the position of quarterback on the football team, though he could never see the ball until it was on top of him, and was haunted by the fear that his bad eyes would trick him into running the wrong way.

Wrong Turn. When he got to Harvard in 1913, Bucky soon realized that things were going to go badly wrong. His best friend at Milton did not room with him. Other Milton classmates explained that they could not afford to associate with him much because he was obviously not going to make a club. When he tried out for football, he broke his knee. So, as he explains it today, "I deliberately set out to get into trouble."

He cut his midyear exams and took off for New York, where he went on a spending spree that included wining and dining Dancer Marilyn Miller and her chorus line, whom he had got to know by standing outside the stage door in Boston with his family's white wolfhound as conversational bait. When considerably more than his year's allowance had gone up in the heady smoke of this lonely freshman debauch, Bucky cabled a rich cousin and was

promptly packed off in disgrace to a cotton mill in Quebec. Harvard gave him a second chance, but Bucky was not having any. "Once again I determined to get fired simply by spending more money than I had. I succeeded."

Long Drinks. Fuller was married in 1917—he was 22—to dark and beautiful Anne Hewlett, daughter of a prominent New York architect. In World War I, Bucky, despite his bad eyes, enlisted in the Navy as a chief boatswain, showed such promise that he was sent to the Naval Academy and commissioned an ensign. Studying logistics, ballistics, navigation and early naval aviation, he suddenly found himself in a world rapidly moving from "the wire to the wireless, the track to the trackless, the visible to the invisible, where more and more could be done with less and less."

he required. It was a bad time to be fired; his second daughter, Allegra, had just been born. The year was 1927.

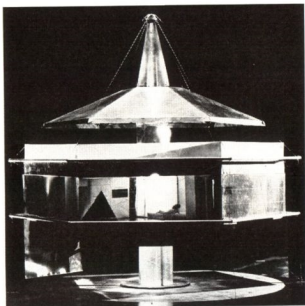
Long Silence. Standing by Lake Michigan "on a jump-or-think basis," as he has put it, he decided that he had faith in what he calls, in Fullerese, "the anticipatory intellectual wisdom which we may call God." His next step was to come to the decision that this meant that there was an "a priori wisdom" in the fact of his own being. From there, he decided: "You do not have the right to eliminate yourself. You do not belong to you. You belong to the universe. You and all men are here for the sake of other men."

At this point, the Fuller legend has it, Bucky came to the conclusion that words—the things people had told him—were responsible for the mess he was in, and that he would henceforth not utter a sound until he really knew what he thought.

Fuller admits that this picture of complete Trappist silence may be somewhat exaggerated. He may have communicated with Anne by something more than sign language. But he did move with her and their infant daughter into a one-room apartment in a Chicago slum, withdrew completely from all friends and acquaintances for more than a year. And he thought.

The Great Leap. Bucky asked himself the most basic of questions. He began by examining the nature of the universe, as a manifestation of God himself. He concluded that it was governed by relatively few principles. Its essence was not matter but design. Even the new knowledge of the atom seemed to confirm his thinking; what gave the atom, and therefore all matter, its individual character, was nothing but the patterning of its component electrons and protons. He began to see man himself as "a complex of patterns. Man is not weight. It isn't the vegetables he eats, because he'll eat seven tons of vegetables in his life. It is a pattern integrity that goes on."

Bucky further reflected that with the huge acceleration of technological capability, mankind was on the verge of tremendous achievements that were not even being attempted because men were stuck in traditional molds of thinking. The time for a great leap forward was at hand, a revolution in which the old Newtonian world would be replaced by Einstein's. "Newton said in the first law of motion that a body persists in a state of rest except as it is affected by other bodies. Normal was 'at rest.' Einstein turned it the other way: 186,000 miles a second is nor-



MODEL OF THE 4D-DYMAXION HOUSE (1927)
A quart-sized bath, and a nude in the bedroom.

But the troubles piled up. His daughter Alexandra sickened and died when she was four. For the next five years, Fuller worked out of Chicago for a company set up to market a building material invented by his father-in-law. They actually put up 240 houses, and Bucky learned a lot about building, but he was a hopelessly poor executive and as much of a fool about money as he had been at Harvard—living wildly beyond his means and rapidly laocoönizing himself in debts and superdebts. He was also hitting the bottle. "The minute I was through work for the day," he has written of that period, "I would go off and drink all night long, and then I'd go to work again. I had enough health, somehow, to carry on."

But eventually Bucky's father-in-law had to sell his stock in the company, and the directors were delighted to tell Bucky that his services would no longer

mal. We are living in a world where change is normal."

Lighter Means Better. Bucky first turned his new perceptions on the industry he knew best: building. In the era when the aircraft industry in particular was devising a new technology of lightweight engineering and materials, the traditional building methods seemed to him absurd. Traditional buildings depended on compression on their walls to support the roof. But modern technology has developed tensile materials, which are many times stronger in relation to their weight than compression materials. A house designed to use tension as its basic structural principle could be made infinitely lighter, built with fewer materials, and therefore far more cheaply. If mass-produced, such houses could solve the world's shelter problems.

His first plan was pretty far out: apartment houses built of the aircraft industry's lightweight alloys, each floor hung from a huge central mast. A dirigible would carry the whole building to the selected site, then drop a bomb, plant the building's mast into the resulting crater, and buzz off—leaving a ground crew to fill in the hole around the mast with concrete.

Fuller's next "anticipatory" design was more practical. It was for a single-family house that carried Corbusier's "machine-for-living" concept farther than the Continental avant-garde had dared to think it. The rooms were hung from a central mast. This left free the ground, which could be landscaped to taste. The outer wall was of continuous glass, which enclosed both rooms and garden like a conservatory, with air

conditioning from the central mast. The house was supposed to be independent of its location, and therefore easily movable if the family decided to change cities; the whole thing could be picked up and replanted anywhere.

To avoid being tied down by sewage pipes, the bathroom was as nearly waterless as a bathroom can be: a ten-minute "bath" was supplied from a quart of water by means of a Fuller invention called a "fog gun," and provision was made for even this water to be re-collected from the air. The toilets emptied into a waterless device which mechanically packaged and stored the wastes for eventual pickup by a processing plant. Dusting was automatic, by a combination of compressed air and vacuum. Mass-produced, the house was planned to sell at about \$1,500 on a 1928 level—approximately \$4,800 today.

This "4D House," as he called it, was the launching of the new Bucky Fuller. Though it only existed as a scale model (in which he included a tiny nude doll lying on a bed for verisimilitude and headline-catching purposes), and though it called for alloys, plastics, photoelectric cells and the like, which did not then exist, newspapers wrote it up, and the Marshall Field department store contracted for its display, to go with some daringly "modern" furniture just imported from France. Fuller's 4D (for Fourth Dimension) title for the house seemed drab to the promotion-minded store executives; they assigned a couple of high-powered word-sculptors to work out a new word for it. After two days of hectic brainstorming, the result was "dymaxion"—vaguely compounded of "dynamic," "maximum"

and "ion." Marshall Field copyrighted it in Fuller's name, and in the years to come Bucky turned it into what amounted to a personal trademark. Today he explains that it means the "maximum gain of advantage from the minimal energy input."

Messiah of Ideas. After the Marshall Field show, Fuller moved himself, his model house, and his wife and daughter back East. For about a year they stayed with Anne's family at Hewlett, L.I., and the Hewlett tribe still talks about the alarms and excursions that centered around Bucky and his one-man-band personality. He might insist that the occasion called for an operetta, and no one would be allowed to leave until he had composed the words and music and performed it on the spot. He might fall off the dock, between wind and water, and insist that he never got wet. He might was furious. "His idea of mass housing seemed so silly in those days," remembers a family friend. "We were much more interested in having fun. Bucky would become so annoyed with us that he'd put on his hat and coat and walk the 20 miles into New York. It could be two in the morning. But Bucky would say, 'There are big things to be done in the world,' and off he would go. He might be gone for two or three days."

In 1930 Fuller moved to a \$30-a-month flat in Greenwich Village. When he was not lecturing around town on



UNION TANK CAR CO. ROUNDHOUSE IN BATON ROUGE

God's signature was in Patent No. 2,682,235.



SUMMER PAVILION



FULLER'S HOME DOME



ATOP MOUNT WASHINGTON



GEODESIC SKY EYE

his Dymaxion House, he liked to hang out at a Village joint called Romany Marie's with artists and writers, talking his and their heads off. Remembers Sculptor Isamu Noguchi: "He used to drink like a fish. He had become a God-possessed man, like a Messiah of ideas. He was a prophet of things to come. Bucky didn't take care of himself, but he had amazing strength. He often went without sleep for several days, and he didn't always eat either."

The Steer in the Rear. In 1938 he was taken on by *FORTUNE*, persuaded the editors to celebrate the magazine's tenth anniversary by making an inventory of world resources. In 1942, Fuller briefly joined the staff of *LIFE*, working on a "Dymaxion Globe"—a cut-out-and-fold map that was the first that displayed the round globe in flat facets without the distortion inherent in the Mercator projection, and in Fuller's words, "revealed the world's land masses as a one-world island at the bottom of the air-ocean."

But Bucky's major energies in this period were devoted to trying to improve the lot of mankind by improving two of man's proudest creations: the automobile and the bathroom.

The Dymaxion Car was one of the most dramatic leaps forward in automotive design that have ever been made. In a pre-streamlined world, where the old-fashioned buggy's boxy look prevailed, Fuller's car was built like an airplane fuselage. It had front-wheel drive with the engine in the rear. The steering wheel was connected to its single rear wheel, which enabled the car to run in circles around a man with in a radius of a few feet or to drive straight into a parking space and swing in with only inches to spare. The body was aluminum, the chassis of chromemolybdenum aircraft steel. It was air conditioned. And its streamlining was so perfect, even including the underside, that its standard 90-h.p. Ford engine could move it at 120 m.p.h.

With financial backing from friends, Bucky turned out three prototype Dymaxion Cars between 1933 and 1935. The U.S. automobile industry refused to admit his car to their annual Manhattan show, and Bucky retaliated by driving it around and around the block outside. An English group sent over a representative to test its performance. But Bucky's hopes of attracting a manufacturer went glimmering when, with the English visitor on board, the car was rammed by another automobile in Chicago and the driver killed. The car that had hit him, which belonged to a city official, was removed from the scene before the reporters arrived, and early newspaper stories carried screaming headlines, such as **THREE-WHEELED CAR KILLS DRIVER**. So ended the Dymaxion Car.

The Dymaxion Bathroom, developed in the experimental laboratory of the Phelps Dodge Corp., was designed to slash the cost and increase the ease of installing a bathroom by stamping



FULLER AT HOME, DANCING FOR WIFE (WHITE HAIR) & FRIENDS

"Bucky's found a sixpence and he's gone to buy a yacht."

it out like an automobile body. Fuller really loved this contraption. He mounted it on the back of a truck and rode it out to Long Island. Remembers an old friend: "He went tearing around town, he had some child sitting on the john, and he was throwing toilet paper all over the place." All together, about a dozen bathrooms were made and installed (Fuller's close friend, Author Christopher Morley, bought two), but Phelps Dodge never bore down very hard on getting them into production—perhaps because of nervousness about the plumbers' union. Bucky's diagnosis: "It was only the general inertia of the building world."

None of these enterprises brought much money into the family till, And sometimes even Bucky felt a sense of embarrassment. "My friends would say to me that I was not taking care of my wife. Then I'd go out and get a job, sell flooring tiles—anything. But when I did, things always went badly. So I'd go back to my task." What made things go even more badly in these times of strain was Bucky's conviction that money was not a serious problem and would always come from somewhere. His wife Anne views this with indulgence, still treasures a bit of family doggerel contributed by her brother Roger celebrating their 25th anniversary:

Lady Anne, Lady Anne, keep the coffee hot.

Bucky's found a sixpence, and he's gone to buy a yacht . . .

With the coming of World War II, Bucky Fuller made a major sacrifice. "I drink very well," he explains, "but I found that if I was talking about my inventions and drinking, people just wrote them off as so much nonsense. The war was something serious, and I wanted to be properly accredited. So I stopped drinking and smoking." He has done neither since. He got a regular job—as chief of the Mechanical Engineering Section at the Board of Economic Warfare, later as special assistant to the de-

puty director of the Foreign Economic Administration. The war also brought Fuller another change: for the first time since he started his life over again in 1927, he was able to originate something that was not "anticipatory" but actually put to use: adapting mass-produced grain storage silos for military living units. Hundreds of these "Dymaxion Deployment Units" saw service in the Pacific and the Persian Gulf before restrictions tightened on steel and the project ground to a halt.

Shape of Nature. "Failure-prone" Fuller had another disappointment in store for him: just as a new version of his Dymaxion House seemed about to go into production in a three-way deal between venture capital, big labor and the aircraft industry, the war's end and a changed economic picture killed the project. But then suddenly, it seemed, he produced the jackpot invention: shelter that was transportable, versatile and cheap—the dome.

But it was not really sudden, nor was it an invention. It was a slow discovery. And it had begun where Bucky Fuller likes to begin: with a probe into the pattern of the universe. To make that probe, Fuller was struggling to develop a new tool—a geometry of energy. In this search of such a geometry, Fuller was using spheres as idealized models of energy fields. Crowding the spheres as close together as possible around a central sphere, he found that instead of forming a still bigger sphere, they made a 14-faced polyhedron—six of the facets in the form of squares, and eight as triangles. Fuller called this figure a vector equilibrium because the outward thrust of its radial vectors is balanced by the restraining force of its circumferential vectors.

Combining a number of vector equilibria creates a complex of alternating squares and triangles. Dividing the squares once again, he found he had a symmetrical, twenty-sided globe-shaped skin which could be constructed out of



DOME OVER MANHATTAN
Why not?

tetrahedrons—the triangle-sided pyramid shape that provides the greatest strength for the least volume (or weight). In a sphere made of such interlocked tetrahedrons, the weight load applied to any point was transmitted widely throughout the structure, producing a phenomenal strength-to-weight ratio. Bucky produced his dome by cutting a hollow sphere in half.

Unlike classic domes, Fuller's depends on no heavy vaults or flying buttresses to support it. It is self-sufficient as a butterfly's wing, and as strong as an eggshell. Fuller calls it a geodesic dome because the vertices of the curved squares and tetrahedrons that form its structure mark the arcs of great circles that are known in geometry as "geodesics."

Stresses & Strains. The geodesic dome, then, is really a kind of benchmark of the universe, what 17th century Mystic Jakob Böhme might call "a signature of God." It crops up all over in nature—in viruses, testicles, the cornea of the eye. And for the time being at least, Bucky Fuller has this signature of God sewed up tight in U.S. patent No. 2,682,235, issued in June 1954. It is almost like having a patent on Archimedes' principle.

And it is making Bucky rich. In the last ten years he has grossed about \$1,000,000, and his income is continually rising; this year it will be about \$200,000. But the only way Easy Street seems to have changed him is to have eliminated the need for the defiant extravagances that used to burden his family and amuse his friends in the days when the only things that cracked in his pocket were overdue bills. Unquestionably, Bucky could have made much more by incorporating himself or going into organized production. But Bucky is not interested. Says he: "Whatever I do, once done, I leave it alone. Society comes along in due course and needs

what I have done. By then, I'd better be on to something else. It is absolutely fundamental for me to work and design myself out of business."

In 1959, he accepted a \$12,000 appointment as a research professor at Southern Illinois University, at Carbondale. Bucky's duties are vague and undemanding: he sees students only when he feels like it, and he is in residence no more than a couple of months a year in the medium-sized, blue-and-white plywood dome where he and Anne live in Carbondale. It looks like an overgrown pin cushion without pins. But Bucky does not mind, and does not see why anyone else should. As he once wrote in a light moment, to be sung to the tune of *Home on the Range*:

Let architects sing of esthetics that bring

Rich clients in hordes to their knees;
Just give me a home, in a great circle dome.

Where stresses and strains are at ease.

Bucky is indebted to S.I.U. for providing him with both a home base and a springboard, and Fuller's fame has helped repay the debt. Sixteen years ago, there were only 3,013 students on the Carbondale campus; today there are no fewer than 18,201 students and a faculty of 1,154. And the university has just been awarded a \$10 million, three-year space project, which Bucky will head.

Ten months of the year he spends traveling—and talking. Fuller gets \$1,000 per lecture these days, but he gives his audiences an exceptional \$1,000 worth. Rare is the lecture that does not run four hours, and often he is still going strong after six—his younger listeners entranced and his older ones falling out of their chairs with fatigue.

Cities in the Sea. In these talks, and in long hours with his friends, Bucky spins off a constant stream of ideas. The project nearest and dearest to his heart

these days is the worldwide inventory of the globe's resources. Bucky views this as a matter of war or peace. Says a friend: "Bucky sees the population explosion, man's myths and antagonisms as foretelling a possible new deluge. If resources are not utilized according to Fuller principles of 'comprehensive design,' and therefore become scarce, men will begin to club each other to death." He has drumbeat such enthusiasm for his project that he has enlisted the help of many of the world's architectural organizations, including the International Union of Architects, which last year agreed to hold a special convention in Mexico City because Bucky could not go to the regular congress, scheduled years ago for Havana.

Bucky sees no reason why mankind should not utilize "the three-quarters of the world that is water." He has projected service stations anchored to the sea bottom for submarines to nestle up to. "It is well known that below 40 feet, turbulence is manageable," he says. He proposes that the automobile may be the next fossil. "We will put little jet wings on our backs and fly out the window on high-frequency beams." Divining that the compression and tension factors can be separated in any structure, he has designed a "tensegrity mast" that seems to be held up by nothing at all. But Fuller insists that with this mast combined with his frame of tetrahedron-octahedron combinations which he calls the "octet truss," he could bridge the Grand Canyon itself.

So far, no one has put the tensegrity mast to use, except as decoration. But Fuller is not discouraged. As he wrote recently: "My ideas have undergone a process of emergence by emergency. When they are needed badly enough, they're accepted. So I just invent, then wait until man comes around to needing what I've invented."

When not talking about everything and anything, he is writing about it—in language that can only be described as a sesquipedalian fractured English all his own. A sample sentence, from Page One of a recent autobiographical sketch about his boyhood, begins:

"By 'teleologic' I mean: the subjective-to-objective, intermittent, only-spontaneous, borderline-conscious, and within-self communicating system that distills equatable principles—characterizing relative behavior patterns—from our pluralities of matching experiences; and reintegrates selections from those net generalized principles into unique experimental control patterns . . ."

The Garden of Eden. In conversation, though, he is usually as clear as spring water—and far more stimulating.

"Do you remember as a child what it was like playing house out in the woods? It was exciting. It was wonderful—until it rained. Well, I could build you that house today, where the sunlight would come through just as in the forest. A house with no walls, no doors, no windows—only paths of green ferns and green trees through a rainbow of

flowers. And it would never rain. I call this house 'the Garden of Eden.'

"I told my friend John Huston, the movie director, I could build him one like it in Mexico. Huston was fascinated and suggested that I tell Liz Taylor—both of them have bought property in Puerto Vallarta. She loved the idea too, but I don't know if anything will come of it."

Fuller visualizes his Garden of Eden as a dome within a dome. "I might use a 114-ft.-diameter dome, inside a 128-footer. I'd plant vines around the base of the outside dome. Because the lines of the dome are geodesic, the vines will follow those lines. You now have the outer dome covered with vines. You then go up between the two domes, winding a translucent plastic around the surface of the inner dome. This will keep the rain out, letting the sun come through your forest of vines. The plastic can be wound in such a manner that the grooves of it serve as rain-catching troughs. These, in turn, can be run into the swimming pool."

Big Jump. Bucky's peculiar distinction is that, while many of his fellow intellectuals are depressed by the "materialistic" 20th century, he is exhilarated. He is excited by "humanity's epochal graduation from the inert, materialistic 19th century into the dynamic, abstract 20th century." He feels that there is an "important reorientation of mankind, from the role of an inherent failure, as erroneously reasoned by Malthus, and erroneously accepted by the bootstrap-anchored custodians of civilization's processes, to a new role for mankind, that of an inherent success." He is sure the whole world can be fed, housed and happy, if designers can just put to work all the world's skills with Fuller-like efficiency. He is endlessly excited by the massive strides mankind has made in just the last 50 years, of which one of the most dramatic has been the increase in range of the average man's "toing and froing." For thousands of years primitive man traveled on foot by necessity, never covered more than an estimated 300 miles in his entire lifetime. Even with the coming of the horse and later the railroad, as late as 1900, the average man was still traveling no more than 30,000 miles in his entire lifetime. This is less than 1% of Bucky's own travels. Jetting around as he does, Bucky has already covered 1,500,000 miles, though he started his serious traveling career only five years ago.

Bucky envisions the day when any man anywhere can jet to work halfway round the world and be home for supper. "Today the world is my backyard. 'Where do you live?' and 'What are you?' are progressively less sensible questions. I live on earth at present, and I don't know what I am. I know that I am not a category. I am not a thing—a noun. I seem to be a verb, an evolutionary process—an integral function of the universe."

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THE THEATER

The Second Mrs. Goforth

The *Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here* Anymore, partially rewritten by Tennessee Williams, stopped on Broadway for the second time within a year in a rare and tenacious attempt to better a badly received, short-run play. But it is not better. The new version is weaker, more discursive and less dramatic. After five performances it closed.

The play is still a religious allegory centered on "the need to find someone or something that means God to you." But the character of Flora Goforth, the rich, raffish ex-Follies girl dying in her Italian mountaintop villa, has lost fire. When Hermione Baddeley played Flora, the dark power of death was as chilling as her nighttime screams. The second Mrs. Goforth, Tallulah Bankhead, seems to regard death as part of the servant problem, a petty retainer whom she can sack with a throaty rumble of brandy-voiced regality. Perhaps acting is a better word for her performance than acting.

Christopher Flanders, "Angel of Death" and freeloading mystic, sheds no greater spiritual light than he did the first time. Chris represents goodness conceived of negatively as the absence of evil. As Tab Hunter plays him, he is the saint as camp counselor, an earnest, bearded, good-deed-a-day man, but scarcely a religious knight shielding the weak from the fierce dominion of death.

In *Milk Train*, Tennessee Williams is concerned with ultimate things—the meaning of life, death and God—and the play has the bedrock interest that man's fate almost always for man. These fundamental questions demand answers, and Williams has only been able to give them echoes.

70 Wanting to Be 17

The *Chinese Prime Minister* is an urbane liar of a play. In a triumph of style over substance, it serves its mental hash like Beluga caviar, pours its intellectual eyewash like Dom Pérignon. This sleight-of-hand artistry succeeds for two reasons. Playwright Enid Bagnold loves the English language with rare fidelity, and in the present semi-illiterate state of the U.S. stage, pure English makes an irresistible lover for an audience. Equally indispensable is an actress who can do no wrong from first entrance to final curtain. Margaret Leighton's eyes are wounds of inner pain, her hair is a glimmering tiara, her voice is Baccarat crystal. She could carry a continent, let alone a play.

What she does mesmerically carry off is the portrayal of an egocentric actress of 70 who does not choose to act her age since she does not feel it. She (which is all the play calls her) is clever in speech, stupid about life. At long last, she wants to be her own woman, though there is no proof that

she has ever really been anyone else's. The selfish mistakes of a lifetime gradually filter into her drawing room to offer comic rebuke. One son marries the spifery image of his mother, and the couple travels to the brink of divorce. Too little love, rather than too much, has turned another son into a mother's boy, and he has married a nymphomaniac. A discarded husband and father of 29 years before turns up to meet his sons and resample a bit of the vocal and emotional hell that he and their mother can still give each other. Old rage rather than old age is their subject. Alan Webb, as an ancient but-

FRIEDMAN/ARLON



WEBB & LEIGHTON IN "MINISTER"
Old rage rather than old age.

ler, potters and poeticizes near life's exit with a funny and touching gallantry and even cheats incipient *rigor mortis* a couple of times.

Old age is what Playwright Bagnold, who is 74, meant to write about, but unwittingly, or so it seems, her play is about the youth complex. The notion of a woman of 70 setting out to find the "real me" would be ludicrous and pathetic if it were not camouflaged by Bagnold's word incense and Leighton's stage magic. What the Margaret Leighton character wants is not to accept the past but to erase it, to be 17 again with all its romantic second chances, or else to live where age enjoys the prestige of youth, symbolized by a mythical figure of her own dream world, a retired Chinese prime minister.

In the play's final speech, she sounds like an old fool being a young fool. She prays to be free of all responsibilities, she does not want a soon-to-be-born grandchild cluttering up her house, and, in fact, she would like to burn the house and sing a secret song of glee before the flames. But to cut adrift from the continuities and content of life is scarcely the way to start a new life, except perhaps second childhood.



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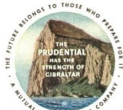
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MUSIC

JAZZ

Homage to the Count

The jazz world puts all its heroes in "bags"—tight little schools of artistic similarity that confine each jazzman to his own musical neighborhood: Funk, Freedom, Groove, Bop, Soul. Only three great players have managed to avoid classification—Thelonious Monk because he is inimitable and Monkishly alone, Duke Ellington because he is a kind of president emeritus, and Count Basie because he so perfectly swings. Last week, in a wild and woolly engagement at Manhattan's Basin Street East, the Count's pigeonhole at last became apparent: he's in the New Year's Eve bag.

Long Eclipse. The Count is more loved than admired by his immense audience, and at Basin Street East, his fans were strictly of the ilk that whistle, stamp their feet and shout, "Yeah, Count!" Basie was at his amiable best, beaming proudly at his players from the piano, even playing fun-and-games accompaniments to Singer Keely Smith. Running through his familiar book—*Jumpin' at the Woodside, Walk, Don't Run and One O'Clock Jump*, his theme song—Basie built a cheerful and exciting feeling that seemed intended for an imagined dance floor.

Basie, 59, has been a big-band maestro for 28 years. Except for the brazenly modern harmonies and voicings of his new arrangements, the "Basie sound" has remained steadfastly the same all along. With Benny Goodman his main competition, Basie was a swing king in the '30s, and his style is still defiantly prewar. In the first years of bop, Basie was considered so sadly reactionary that his band endured a long eclipse. Then, after four years' touring

with a small combo, Basie collected a new 16-piece ensemble in 1952, and within a year it was fully established as the swingiest band in the land.

Glass Tones. Basie's piano playing is a long way back from the front, but he plays the blues with great authority, nimbly riding the beat with quietly assertive chords and 30-year-old blues riffs. His band is the best-drilled orchestra in jazz—which is why it swings like no other. The rhythmic nuances jazz needs to swing are blurred by the slightest imprecision in ensemble playing, but in Basie's band, the timing is flawless, and the result is a driving pulse that never for an instant falters.

Among the band's members are some authentic jazz virtuosos. Sonny Payne is the grooviest of the big-band drummers—to watch, if not to listen to. Alto Saxophonist Marshall Royal, Trumpeter Snooky Young and Guitarist Freddy Green are all heartfelt blues soloists. Bassist Buddy Catlett, the band's newest member, gives the whole orchestra a subtle and highly advanced sense of rhythm. Keenly aware of all these virtues, Basie never lets his audience get a glimmer of the solemn musicianship behind them. "Now a little foot-pattin' music," he announces happily. Then he sits down and sizzles away into the glass-toned jazz arrangements his band alone can play.

COMPOSERS

As a Tree Bears Fruit

When Paul Hindemith wrote a parody of *Tristan* into an early opera, the offense to Wagner stirred up a resentment in his native Germany that lingered on for years. In the '30s, when his music had attained the clean, clear shape of neoclassicism, the Nazis banned it because of its anti-Romantic ring. And after the war, when Hindemith returned to Europe after 13 years in the U.S., he was widely considered a walking anachronism by the new musical revolutionaries. In youth, he had been called "the playboy." In age, he was "the academician." In more than 40 prolific years, he never won much of an audience.

Last week, though, when Hindemith's death was tolled in the German press, the critics freely spoke of him as the giant of modern German composers. Perhaps because his music in retrospect seems eminently German, few of the German obit writers remembered to mention that he was a U.S. citizen who had not lived in his homeland for 25 years. His works stand as a crown to the German baroque tradition, and in his early music especially, there is an almost impressionistic reflection of the anarchy and despair that gripped Germany after World War I. He wrote within a range of dark emotions that makes much of his music seem alien



HINDEMITH CONDUCTING
Giant among the moderns.

and bitter—but it is historically accurate as well.

Complete Musician. Hindemith was a composer's composer—and a complete musician. He wrote music, as Albert Einstein once said, "as a tree bears fruit"—great bushels of music, turned out in orderly, workmanlike style. He was a concert violinist and pianist, a competent player of every other instrument in the orchestra, and a greatly admired conductor. In a single day at the Berlin Festival in 1960, Hindemith conducted four choirs, played a three-string *vielle* in a recital of 14th century songs, then sat back to listen to the world premiere of his *Motets for Tenor and Piano*. "Almost overpoweringly impressive," wrote *Die Welt* of the new composition.

Still, very little of his work found its way into the standard orchestral repertoire. Even such masterpieces as the opera *Mathis der Maler*, the *Philharmonie Concerto*, the symphony *Harmonie der Welt*, and the requiem are rarely heard. Though his music is easily accessible to modern audiences, it is admired mainly by musicians, who hear in it the evidence of a lofty musicianship that is not often encountered in modern composers.

Close Friends. Hindemith was born in Hanau and was playing the violin in the city's dance halls and beer gardens by the time he was 13. When his compositions were banned in Germany in 1934, Hindemith turned to reorganizing the music education program of Turkey, then came to the U.S. in 1940. He was a professor of music at Yale until 1953, when he returned to Europe and settled down in Zurich. He was a short, round little man of robust health until circulatory ailments began to plague him in his declining years. Hindemith died at 68, following four swift strokes, and was buried near Vevey on Lake Geneva. Only a few close friends were at his graveside.



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COLLEGE FOOTBALL

Duke's Day

There is something about the name Emmett Augustus Carlisle III that conjures up visions of double-breasted blazers and yachting caps, and maybe a seat on the New York Stock Exchange. But this Emmett Augustus Carlisle III, 21, is a broad-shouldered blond from Athens, Tex., who is more comfortable in hip pads than flannels. Around the University of Texas campus, folks are so proud of him that they sometimes call the seniors "Carlisle's Crowd," and anybody who breathes "Duke" Carlisle's given names is alookin' for trouble, pardner. If Duke can't handle the trouble himself, he can always call on his buddies on the Texas football team. After the way Carlisle and cronies walloped No. 2-ranked Navy in last week's Cotton Bowl, Lord help the loudmouth.

Bored to Death. It was a game full of surprises—and Duke Carlisle was the biggest. In any other season, on any other team, Quarterback Carlisle might long ago have caught the fancy of sportswriters with his nifty short passes (33 completions in 79 attempts) and nimble rollout runs. But this was the Year of the Quarterback; compared to such wizardrous performers as Navy's Heisman Trophy Winner Roger Staubach, Carlisle was a face in the crowd. At that, No. 1-ranked Texas was hardly the showcase for a quarterback. Grinding over ten straight opponents by a score of 215 to 65, Coach Darrell Royal's Longhorns stuck to the ground so doggedly that was cracked "They don't beat you; they just bore you to death." Carlisle threw one touchdown pass all season. But he did not complain when halfbacks hogged the points. And he even managed an elegant shrug when newsmen asked how it felt to play in the shadow of a star like Staubach. Said Carlisle: "To each his own."

Last week, Carlisle came into his own—and it was Navy Coach Wayne

Hardin who unwittingly gave him the chance. To stop Texas's chew-em-up ground attack, Hardin ordered the Middles into a 5-3-3 defense, with the linebackers and corner backs stacked up so tightly that the deep secondary was left practically unguarded. Navy creamed three out of Texas's first four running plays. But then, on third down, with the ball on his own 42, Carlisle dropped back and did the one thing the Middles never expected: he threw the bomb. On the Navy 40, Wingback Phil Harris—who had caught only five passes all season—daintily sidestepped Navy's Pat Donnelly and reached up. Down came the pass, spiraling prettily into his hands. No one touched Harris as he scampered all the way to the end zone. Stocking-footed Tony Crosby booted the extra point, and Texas led 7-0.

Back to the Bench. As it turned out, that was all the Longhorns needed. But Carlisle was enjoying himself. Now it was the second quarter and first down on the Texas 37. Why, everybody knows that Texas never passes on first down, never, never passes inside its own 40. So back went Carlisle, out went Harris—and once more Donnelly was the Navy goat. Lunging for the ball, Donnelly tipped it straight into the Texan's hands on the Navy 37—and fell flat on his face. The rest of the 63-yd. trip was a breeze. Another TD, 14-0. At last Navy got the message and started blanketing Harris. Down to earth came Carlisle, marching Texas to the Navy 9 and personally swivel-hipping past a pair of tacklers for a third score. He then trotted back to the bench to become a spectator, while Reserve Quarterback Tommy Wade ran it up to 28-0. In less than 40 min. of action, Texas's Carlisle had completed seven passes for 213 yds., gained another 54 yds. on the ground—making him the game's top rusher as well.

And what of Navy's Staubach? He was running for his life, mostly. Time after time, led by massive (6 ft. 3 in., 240 lbs.) All-America Tackle Scott

Appleton, the hard-charging Texas line dumped him behind the line of scrimmage; twice, they knocked the ball loose before he could get his pass away. On one play, desperately trying to elude Appleton's clutches, he smacked into the referee, bounced off into Appleton's arms for a 23-yd. loss. Asked who his most persistent tormentors were, Staubach sighed: "Well, they all had me down one time or another, and I didn't notice their numbers." Not until Darrell Royal cleared his bench did Roger's passes begin to click: he marched the Middles 75 yds., sprinted 2 yds. himself for Navy's lone TD—and filled the air with footballs in a futile attempt to get still another. He wound up completing 21 out of 31 passes for 228 yds.—15 yds. more than Carlisle, and a Cotton Bowl record. But Staubach won only the statistics; Carlisle won the game, 28-6.

PRO FOOTBALL

Taste for Honey

The experts picked the Chicago Bears to finish no better than second in the National Football League's Western Conference. Everybody conceded them a hard-nosed defense—but offense makes pro football champions these days. The Bears just laughed. Their ferocious defense held opponents to an average ten points in 14 games, clawed the champion Green Bay Packers so mercilessly that the Packers scored one touchdown, one field goal in two tries. Bored sportswriters still called the Bears "the faceless wonders." Yet old George Halas' team won eleven games, tied two and lost only one.

Just One Slip-Up. Last week the Bears came up against the Eastern champion New York Giants in the N.F.L. playoff. And—crunch—defense won again. Onto Chicago's Wrigley Field pranced the high-scoring (32 points per game) Giants, with wonderful Y. A. Tittle and his acrobatic re-



CHICAGO'S HALAS & HERO MORRIS
Secret of the screen.

ceivers—Del Shofner, Frank Gifford, Aaron Thomas. There stood the glowing Bears, aching to cuff them around. At 7:22 of the first quarter, Tittle lofted his 37th touchdown pass of the year—a soft, 14-yd. beauty to Gifford. It was the only mistake the Bears made all day. A few minutes later, Tittle tried one of his patented screen passes—a play designed to suck in linebackers, then flip the ball over their heads to a waiting halfback. But the Bears were the ones who were waiting. Chicago Linebacker Larry Morris plucked the ball out of the air on his own 34—and ran to the Giant five before he collapsed from sheer exhaustion. Bear Quarterback Billy Wade punched across the TD, and it was 7-7.

The Giants scratched out a field goal to make it 10-7. But wrestling bears is no sport for city boys. One after another, the Giants retired to the bench, with assorted broken arms, concussions and the like. Late in the second period Linebacker Morris—only 6-ft. 2-in., 230 lbs., small as Bears go—thundered into the Giant backfield and slammed into Tittle. Pop went Tittle's left knee.

Another Disaster. Giant doctors shot him full of novocain and cortisone, sent him back for the second half. Tittle tried another screen pass. This time "Big Ed" O'Bradovich, a 6-ft. 3-in., 255-lb. end, picked it off and lumbered to the Giant 14. Quarterback Wade scored again for the Bears. After that there was only desperation. Tittle threw, and the Bears intercepted—once, twice, the last on a frantic heave into the end zone with only five seconds left. The ball sailed into the arms of Chicago Safetyman Richie Petitbon. Final score: Bears 14, Giants 10.

Quarterback Tittle sank weeping onto the Giant bench. Other Giants told everybody that "the best team lost." But Papa Bear Halas, with his eighth championship in 36 years, paid no attention. He just wrapped Larry Morris in a delirious hug; then everybody picked up his honey pot (\$6,000 per man) and ambled off to hibernate.

SURFING

Shooting the Tube

Riding a board through the surf is a little like going on hashish. The addicts—and there are 18,000 of them in the U.S.—have their own fashions in everything from haircuts (long, but not too long) to swimsuits (cotton, a size too small). They speak a lingo of words like "hook" (the lip of a breaking wave) and "tube" (the cavern under the hook) and "wipe out" (a spill into the boiling froth). They listen to apostles, who preach: "When the surf is good, you've got to go and get it. Work is secondary. Once you're about 30, then it's time to take a solid job." And they all yearn to visit Makaha, a lonely beach 40 miles west of Honolulu.

Makaha is where the waves build up to 20 and 30 ft., and race diagonally



WINNER CABELL

into shore at 35 m.p.h. It is the supreme test—"the place," says one surfer, "where reputations are made."

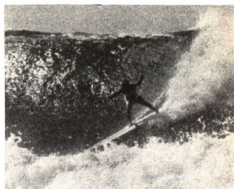
Warming Up on Snow. The man who made his reputation in Makaha's big surf last week was Joseph ("Joey") Cabell, 25, a restaurant owner from Newport Beach, Calif., who summers in Hawaii. While 1,000 spectators watched from the beach, Cabell outclassed 349 contestants from as far away as Australia and Peru to win the International Surfing Championships. A trim six-footer (most top surfers are short) who has been at it since he was seven, Cabell keeps in shape during the winter by skiing on snow. The two, he says, are a lot alike: "You go as deep into the hook as possible, swinging to the bottom of the wave, then to the top, then back down again—and shoot through for a long, long ride. The idea is to rock the board back and forth with your feet, just like you do with a pair of skis—then break out of the tube at the last minute, just before you get wiped out."

Every other finalist at last week's championships used a "gun"—a long, heavy (up to 40 lbs.) board designed for stability in big waves like Makaha's. Cabell preferred a shorter, lighter (25 lbs.) foam-and-fiber-glass "natural," designed for easy maneuverability and ordinarily used in smaller waves. Each surfer got seven tries. Cabell rode four of his waves almost half a mile clear in to the beach, catching each looming 25-footer off Makaha's northwestern tip, standing up for 300 yds., dropping prone as it dissolved to foam crossing a reef, then rising again as the wave formed again for the final 400-yd. sweep to shore.

Low & Dry. Like most first-class surfers, Cabell has only scorn for the "hot doggers" who risk their necks by criss-crossing waves haphazardly. It takes art to stand, knees slightly bent, arms spread, guiding the board along the tube with almost imperceptible foot move-



JOHN TITTEL—HONOLULU STAR-BULLETIN



UNDER THE HOOK OF MAKAHA
Artist on a natural.

ments. And only a few ever experience the ultimate thrill. "Once in a while," says Joey, "you get locked so deep in the tube that nobody on the beach can see you, and if a guy were just behind you, he'd get totally wiped out. You are so far back inside the wave that it breaks right over your head and around your body. And when you come out in the end, why, you aren't even wet."

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

► No. 4-ranked Illinois: a 17-7 Rose Bowl victory over unranked Washington, on the running of Sophomore Fullback Jim Grabowski, who scored one touchdown, gained 125 yds. In the Orange Bowl, Nebraska raced to a 13-0 half-time lead, barely hung on to beat Auburn 13-7. And in the Sugar Bowl, Alabama's Tim Davis booted field goals from 48 yds., 46 yds., 31 yds., and 22 yds. to edge Mississippi 12-7.

► Scotland's Jimmy Clark, 27: the South African Grand Prix, by 67 sec. over Dan Gurney. World Champion Clark averaged 95.1 m.p.h. in his Lotus-Climax, led all the way for his seventh win in ten races—a new record.

► Florida A. & M.'s Bob Hayes, 21: the 100-yd. dash in 9.1 sec., tying his own world record, over a slow, rain-soaked track at the Orange Bowl track meet. A 10-m.p.h. wind made it all unofficial, but Hayes also splashed through the 220 in 20.1 sec.—just .1 sec. off Dave Sime's world mark—even though he slowed down to avoid crashing into spectators at the finish line.

THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

The Top U.S. Dailies

A great newspaper is more than a garbage can liner . . . more than a fish wrapper . . . more than a paper doll . . . more than a child's kite.

It would be hard to find fault with any one of the propositions advanced by the San Francisco Chronicle in a series of promotion ads. But the Chronicle was unable—or unwilling—to go one long step further, to spell out what a great newspaper is, rather than what it is not.

Many newspapers and many newsmen have tried to define greatness, and all their efforts only show a wide disagreement on where greatness lies—or even how to get there. William Rockhill Nelson, founder of the Kansas City Star, took an alimentary approach. "God's great gift to man is appetite," he said. "Put nothing in the paper that will destroy it." Wilbur Storey of the Chicago Times (now the Sun-Times) once classified a newspaper's highest duty as "printing the news and raising hell." Thomas Gibson, who established the Denver Rocky Mountain Herald in 1860, defined a great newspaper as one "untrammelled by sinister influence from any quarter—advocate of the right and denouncer of the wrong—an independent vehicle for the free expression of all candid, honest and intelligent minds."⁶

Markedly Unsuccessful. Some such proud creed ripples from dozens of newspaper mastheads, nailed up—but seldom nailed down—by high-minded publishers. Dozens of other mastheads support unvarnished claims to greatness, as if the quality were something that has merely to be claimed to be possessed. The Chicago Tribune, for example, has been the "World's Greatest Newspaper" since 1911, when Colonel Robert Ruthertford McCormick, the paper's founder, unilaterally decided that the description fitted. Whatever tie the Tribune may have had to the title was ruptured by the colonel's death in 1955.

Extramural attempts to define greatness by ranking the U.S. press in order of merit have been markedly unsuccessful. Since 1952, Publicist Edward L. Bernays has solicited U.S. daily-newspaper publishers three times to nominate the country's ten "best" dailies—a superlative that Bernays does not define. All three ballots have shown such consistency of choice as to support the suspicion that the publishers have been picking papers mostly from habit. Over a span of ten years (1952-62), twelve names sufficed to fill all three lists. And by most journalistic standards, the

invariable third choice, the Christian Science Monitor, cannot properly be considered a daily newspaper. The Monitor's editorial policy is subject to the precepts of the Church of Christ, Scientist, which owns it. Nor does the paper bother to pay much respect to the despotic deadlines that rule the rest of the daily press.

One in Eight. Journalism schools preserve a cautious silence on the subject of journalistic greatness. Last spring, when Dean Edward Barrett of Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism let slip the opinion that there were only 18 "good" U.S. dailies, he was immediately asked for their names. Barrett declined the invitation. Said he: "You don't think I'm going to get trapped into saying that, do you?"

The dean's reticence is understandable. He might have been asked to justify and compare his picks. And no one yet has found a fair and reliable means for measuring any two newspapers on the same scale. Reading tastes, requirements and styles vary so widely that to grade the performance of the New York Times, say, against that of the Minneapolis Tribune would do an injustice to both papers.

In a speech last September, the Tribune's president, John Cowles, pointed out that the New York Times reached only one in eight families in its distribution area. "It simply doesn't appeal," said Cowles, "to the seven-eighths of the population who have less education and less intellectual curiosity" than the Times assumes of its readers. Concluded Cowles: "No Minneapolis paper that appealed to only one-eighth of the people here could possibly survive."

Conscience & Guide. But despite such difficulties of comparison, ways do exist for gauging newspaper excellence. All superior papers have something in common, wherever they are published and for whatever readership. The late Paul Patterson, onetime publisher of the Baltimore Sunpapers, pointed out one common denominator: "If you put out a good enough paper, people will read it. If enough people read it, advertisers will support it." The statement illuminates a fundamental truth: newspapering is a business, and a good business makes money.

Beyond this purely commercial factor lie others that bear on a newspaper's place in its community. Any paper, even a poor one, is inevitably cast by its readers in the role of community conscience, guardian and guide. The truly great newspaper eagerly, tirelessly and aggressively acts the part; it becomes deeply immersed in the main currents of its community. The truly great newspaper is also consumed by a catholic curiosity that carries its readers along with it.

With these criteria, and with the experience gained in 40 years of appraisal

ing the performance of the Press, TIME has made its own choice of the top daily newspapers in the U.S., culled from the country's 1,760 dailies. The unranked selections, in alphabetical order:

THE SUN

The Baltimore Sun will be free, firm and temperate.

—From its first issue

Circulation 187,000 mornings, 215,000 evenings, 330,000 Sundays. Independent-Democrat. Supported Roosevelt in 1932, no one in 1936. Republicans since.

The Sun is the unbending patriarch of Baltimore, and acutely conscious of the dignity and the responsibilities of venerable old age. Like a wise old uncle exercising his seniority, it tells Baltimoreans what to do, and Baltimoreans apparently listen. Faced with a perplexing maze of 20 municipal bond issues in a 1962 election, most voters clipped a Sun editorial, took it to the polls, and followed the paper's recommendations to the letter. The Sun demands a high order of intelligence from its readers. Stories are written not to entertain but to inform; text is never displaced for purely cosmetic considerations—by a picture, say, to break up a formidable-looking front page. If Baltimoreans do not know what is going on everywhere, their ignorance is not the Sun's fault. It staffs bureaus all over the world, keeps 14 men in Washington. Upon being asked if the Sun was a crusading paper, Managing Editor Charles H. Dorsey answered with feeling: "Good God, I hope we never become one." His style is the style of Arunah Shephardson Abell, the vagabond printer who started the Sun in 1837 and whose descendants are still on the board. The paper remains aloof, aristocratic, old-fashioned, proud and something of a snob—just the way Baltimoreans like it.

The Cleveland Press

(The Cleveland Press is a member of the Scripps-Howard chain.)

The Press strives to be with the people, always at their side, always beating with their hearts.

—Louis B. Seltzer

Circulation 353,000 evenings. Independent. Endorsed Roosevelt in 1932 and 1936, has since backed Republicans for President.

Louis Seltzer, 66, who has edited the Press since 1928, has kept Cleveland first in his heart. Ohio comes next, then the U.S., and then the world. After that, perhaps, come the interests of the Scripps-Howard chain to which the paper belongs. No cause is too large for the Press—or too small. It hid a camera in a bawdyhouse and snapped pictures of city cops taking lunch there. When the Press disagreed with the Cleveland Bar Association's candidate for the municipal bench, it asked its readers to write in the name of an unknown young lawyer whom the paper preferred. The young lawyer won. If the Press likes a

⁶ If that was where Gibson was going with the Herald, he never got there. The paper was sold in 1865, and disappeared.

politician, it can boost him into almost any office. Frank Lausche, a Democrat, rose from Cleveland mayor to Ohio Governor to U.S. Senator on Press support. If the Press doesn't like a politician, the whole city soon finds out. Before an election last November, the Press's rundown of candidates identified one aspiring city councilman as "an admitted tax cheat," another as "Front man for a slum landlord." Monuments to the Press's love for the city dot the landscape: a handsome lakefront development, an expanded public hall, new low-cost apartment houses built over slums, a new community college. But Seltzer and the Press are too busy to pause and admire their handiwork. The paper throws parties for the bassinet set and Golden Wedding couples. It sends Nationalities Editor Theodore Andrica abroad just to look up relatives of foreign-born Clevelanders. Some years ago, when an indigent old woman died alone in the city, leaving a note and a dog, authorities were not surprised to discover that the note was addressed to the Press. "The only thing I own is my dog," read the note. "Please take it to the Press. I know the home they find will be a good one."

Los Angeles Times

Stand fast, stand firm, stand sure, stand true.

—Colonel Harrison Gray Otis

Circulation 762,000 mornings, 1,100,000 Sundays. Independent-Republican. Has endorsed Republicans for President since 1932.

Many of the Los Angeles Times's proudest achievements lie behind it, the work of a fiery Union Army colonel who charged into the city in the 1880s. From the editor's desk chair, Harrison Gray Otis directed Los Angeles' destiny as if that stretch of parched Western littoral were his private command. His editorials helped break the railroads' throttle hold on the city; his campaigns got a harbor built and brought desperately needed water 240 miles over the mountains from the Owens River. Before Otis died, the Times was a dominant Los Angeles institution. Like all institutions, it stood in danger of succumbing to the temptations of complacency. But Otis Chandler, 36, the Times's new publisher and the colonel's great-grandson, is determined to keep the Times as viable as the burgeoning community it patrols. The disjointed collection of patio grills and palm-fringed superhighways is not a newspaper-reading community; recent mergers have reduced its newspaper census from four to two. But the Times remains a local necessity. In Chandler's three years at the top, he has raised the editorial budget by 60%; an expanded news staff now spreads over eight foreign capitals. Today the Times covers big international stories with the same craftsmanship that it has long applied to the Southern California scene.

The Courier-Journal

Our role is to inform, but in addition to enlighten and persuade.

—George Barry Bingham

Circulation 225,000 mornings, 329,000 Sundays. Independent-Democrat. Has supported Democrats for President since 1932.

Soon after the 1954 U.S. Supreme Court school integration decision, the Louisville Courier-Journal opened a crusade so low keyed that many readers did not realize a crusade was going on. For nearly two years, the Journal took pains to report in detail instances of peaceful integration everywhere. The running story was buttressed by quiet editorials designed to disarm prejudice before it could arise. In 1956, the Journal's crusade ended in unspectacular triumph: Louisville's public school system was voluntarily desegregated—without incident. Such liberalism on the subject of the South's touchy race problem goes back a long way. "Marse Henry" Watterson, the Journal's first editor, was at best a neutralist. But Robert Worth Bingham, the man who bought the paper in 1918, was not. Under him and his son George Barry, who succeeded him as publisher, the Journal became an early champion of the Negro's full rights as a citizen. Louisville has been accustomed by long habit to seeing Negro faces in the paper's society section. Other Journal roles suit the paper well—and suit Kentucky too. Because the state highway department absorbs one-third of the budget, the Journal keeps a man prying fulltime into the department's affairs—just in case. A Journal investigation of political influence in Kentucky's schoolboard system blew the whole system apart and sent one superintendent to prison. The Journal stays hard at work moving ahead of its readers, then gently but persistently urging them to catch up.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

Whatever they say about us, they can't control us. We're out to serve the public. That's a red-blooded, virile statement, and, by God, it's true.

—Harry Grant

Circulation 377,000 evenings, 570,000 Sundays. Independent. Since 1932 has supported a Democrat for President five times (Roosevelt twice, Stevenson twice, and Kennedy), a Republican twice (Willkie in 1940, Dewey in 1948); endorsed no candidate in 1944.

The Milwaukee Journal richly earns its title as an independent newspaper. In one election, it supported candidates from four political parties (Socialist, Democrat, Republican and Progressive). When one of Milwaukee's beer barons asked the paper to go light on his May-December marriage to his secretary, the Journal splashed the story over a full page. Leading Wisconsin liberals damn the Journal as too conservative; to Wisconsin's late U.S. Sen-

ator Joe McCarthy, the paper was "the Milwaukee edition of The Worker." It is so sternly dedicated to the letter of the law that it crusades against church bingo and refuses to publish the results of horse races. "We must have freedom, freedom, freedom, so the Journal can act entirely as it sees best for the community," said the late Publisher Harry Grant, and this principle is the paper's guide. It has helped bring the city everything from a big-league baseball franchise (the Braves) to a \$327,000-000 expressway. Milwaukeeans do not always follow the Journal's advice, but they invariably respect it. "Milwaukee couldn't do without the Journal," says Editor Lindsay Hoben, and then he completes the equation: "The Journal couldn't do without Milwaukee."

Minneapolis Morning Tribune

We want the papers to be educational, not pedantic or in the manner of textbooks, but in sensing ahead of the public the things of coming significance.

—John Cowles, Jr.

Circulation 211,000 mornings, 655,000 Sundays. Independent. Has supported Republicans for President since 1932.

Few papers work harder than the Minneapolis Tribune at expanding the boundaries of reader interest. A Tribune suggestion in 1960 caught the eye of Minnesota's U.S. Senator Hubert Humphrey, who took it to Washington—where John F. Kennedy put it into effect as the Peace Corps. The Tribune's able science reporter, Victor Cohn, produced a farsighted series on Russian science in 1951—six years before Sputnik. For 24 years, the paper has been urging its readers away from Midwestern isolationism with a world-consciousness that is the projection of globe-trotting Publisher John Cowles. He yielded leadership to his son John Jr., 34, in 1960, and young Cowles seems more than competent to keep the paper where it likes to be: a step or two ahead of the whole state. Indeed, the Tribune continues to serve as a Minnesota model for good journalism. Says Publisher Vernon Vance of the Worthington Daily Globe: "Local dailies have had to raise their standards to stay in business."

DAILY NEWS

This paper's run for the readers, and we don't give a hoot in hell whether it pleases our newspapers or editors or makes them sick. We're for the general public, its likes and dislikes, its peevish and aspirations.

—Daily News Editorial

Circulation 211,000 mornings, 655,000 Sundays. Independent. Supported Roosevelt for three terms; has since endorsed Republican candidates for President.

Captain Joseph Medill Patterson, founder of the New York Daily News, had a sure instinct for the reading

tastes of subway riders (he was one), and he built his tabloid into the biggest and most prosperous daily in the U.S. Some detractors say the News got there by peddling only the most marketable wares—crime, sex, sob stuff and baby pictures—with professional skill. But even the sober New York Times could take lessons from the News's equally professional ability to cut the "important but dull" story down to size. The News reader gets just about everything in the lively, abbreviated style suitable to someone being jolted underground from The Bronx to midtown. The Times and other papers might well take further lessons from News editorials, which are usually short, sometimes outrageous, but always understandable. The News's editorial page pulls a thumping 60% of its readers—well above the national average—by offering some of the liveliest reading fare in the country. When not venting its spleen on its favorite villain ("Killer Khrushchev," "the butcher of Hungary and Ukraine," "Red Hitler"), the News indulges its own peevish, such as the United Nations ("throw the bums out"), or directs a fervent plea to American ingenuity to solve a serious technical problem: how to keep small boys' trousers zippered all the way up. Joe Patterson is dead. But in handpicked successors such as News President Francis M. Flynn, the captain made sure that his irrepressible and incorrigible tabloid would go on appealing to the largest crowd in the U.S.

The New York Times.

It will be my earnest aim that the Times give the news, all the news, in concise and attractive form . . . impartially, without fear or favor; to make the columns of the Times a forum for the consideration of all public questions of public importance.

—Adolph Ochs

Circulation 776,000 mornings, 1,400,000 Sundays. Independent. Since 1932 has supported a Democrat for President four times (Roosevelt in 1932, 1936, and 1944, Kennedy), a Republican four times (Willkie, Dewey in 1948, Eisenhower twice).

Rarely within contemporary memory has the New York Times honored Adolph Ochs's promise to be concise. Each weekday, the Times prints five times the wordage of the New Testament; its Sunday editions regularly exceed four pounds and 450 pages. This daily avalanche of newsprint contains so much of value, is so exhaustive and, for the most part, so dependable a diary of the world's doings that the Times probably rates the high compliment so often paid to it: no one can skip the awesome task of reading the Times and feel truly informed. In some foreign countries, the Times is thought of as Washington's unofficial voice—and often it is just that. Presidents and Cab-

inet members leak stories to the Times that they want in public circulation, usually as trial balloons. Last year, Brazil's President João Goulart was aghast to learn that the Times had been silenced (along with other Manhattan dailies) by a strike. How then, complained Goulart, would anyone ever know that he had just won a smashing victory at the polls? As the U.S.'s only newspaper of record, the Times publishes the full text of every historically important document and speech; in the case of the official U.S. report on the Yalta Conference, discharging its obligation to history took the Times a special section and 200,000 words. Perhaps moved by the same leave-nothing-out spirit, the Times betrays a tendency to run on too long on less significant affairs. Rare is the day, for example, when all the Page One stories do not run over into the inside pages—or, as one weary reader put it, "into infinity." The overweight Times and its giant corps of newsmen seem to take the position that it is up to the reader to edit the paper. "All the News" is there, says the Times in effect. "Now find it."

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

An institution that should always fight for progress and reform, never be satisfied with merely printing news, always be drastically independent, never be afraid to attack wrong, whether by predatory plutocracy or predatory poverty.

—Joseph Pulitzer

Circulation 356,000 evenings, 589,000 Sundays. Independent-Democrat. With two exceptions (Landon in 1936, Dewey in 1948), has supported Democrats for President since 1932.

During the St. Louis Post-Dispatch's first three years of life, the bellicose spirit of Joseph Pulitzer, its proprietor, generated 17 libel suits. Pulitzer, who paid a paltry total of \$50 in damages, considered the sum a more than reasonable price for the privilege of leading his paper into battle wherever a good cause needed a champion. Pulitzer was fortunate, too, in his choice of generals. As city editor and later managing editor, from 1900 to 1938 the legendary O.K. Bovard cemented the paper's reputation as U.S. journalism's most dauntless crusader. It was the Post-Dispatch that in the 1920s ran to ground the infamous Birger Gang. The Post-Dispatch removed the lid from Washington's unsavory Teapot Dome scandal in 1922; in the 1950s it exposed corruption in the U.S. Bureau of Internal Revenue—and reaped the satisfaction of seeing James P. Finnegan, the bureau's collector in St. Louis, sent to prison. In 1947, suspicious St. Louis Post-Dispatch reporters stayed on the Centralia, Ill., mine disaster story after the last victim had been buried and everyone else had gone home. Their vigilance produced a dramatic series

proving that Illinois mine owners had neglected safety conditions in order to meet payoffs to the state department of mines. The paper's present publisher, Joseph Pulitzer III, is not the aggressive journalist his grandfather was, nor does his paper spoil so often now for a rousing good scrap. But its foreign coverage still ranks among the best, and Managing Editor Arthur Bertelson says that the Post-Dispatch is such a "well-oiled machine it can operate almost on its own impetus."

The Washington Post

We try to reach the lady's maid as well as the lady.

—Editor James Russell Wiggins

Circulation 422,000 mornings, 510,000 Sundays. Independent by declaration, but Democrat in practice. By policy, does not endorse presidential candidates, has done so only once since 1932: in 1952, it supported Eisenhower.

Washington imposes severe working conditions on its newspapers. The only industry to speak of is the Federal Government—which does not advertise. To snare what ad accounts there are—mostly from local merchants and department stores—a daily in the nation's capital must appeal to a broad readership: the lady and her maid, the U.S. Senator as well as the unknown worker in Washington's vast army of civil servants. While he lived, Washington Post Publisher Philip Graham liked to describe the Post as "an egalitarian paper." The description fits. The Post says that it carries more comic strips than any other newspaper in the U.S., but for Washington officialdom, the Post also runs the most carefully wrought—and the most widely read—editorials in the nation's capital. In all branches and at all levels of Government, it is regarded as compulsory reading; one Post survey showed a near-saturation circulation in both houses of Congress and among 812 executives at the top of U.S. federal agencies. The paper's letters column, opposite the editorials, bristles with the names of Cabinet members, foreign diplomats and U.S. Supreme Court Justices. Graham also said of the Post that it was "a good paper that needs a lot of improvement." That description fits too. Its Washington coverage is often superior, and farseeing. It exposed and then led the fight against Franklin Roosevelt's Supreme Court-packing bill. Concerned by the rising gangster influence on U.S. politics, Phil Graham handed U.S. Senator Estes Kefauver the idea for a congressional investigation. A Post editorial campaign helped assure civilian control of the Atomic Energy Commission. Measuring the paper's direct impact on Government, the late Lord Northcliffe, publisher of the London Daily Mail and other papers, once said: "Of all the American papers, I would prefer to own the Washington Post."

An Age of History Recorded by an Eyewitness

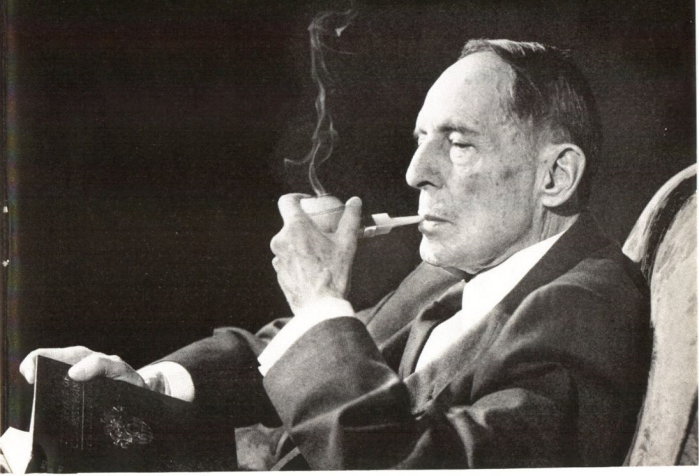
LIFE presents the Reminiscences of General Douglas MacArthur

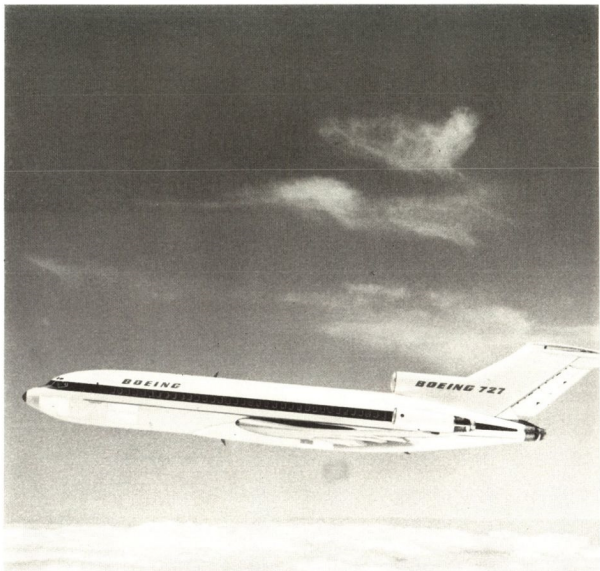
It is rare that a near-century of history is written by a man who lived it. Rarer still is history written by a man who helped make it.

The Reminiscences of General Douglas MacArthur is the result of just such a remarkable combination. It is a major work on three levels: history, biography and superb literature. It will be illustrated by paintings and photographs from the General's personal albums.

LIFE is proud to have been selected for the exclusive magazine publication of these MacArthur papers. The first instalment appears this week. In issues to come, General MacArthur will take readers from Western cavalry outposts of the 19th Century through two world wars, the Korean conflict and his controversial forced retirement. It starts this week, in **LIFE**

KARSH, OTTAWA





America's newest jet—coming your way soon!

It's the new 727, by Boeing. Swift, quiet, the 727 is the nation's first short-range jetliner. It goes into service within weeks.

The 727 is a sleek three-engine jet that can operate with ease from short runways. It will be able to serve cities now bypassed by the big jetliners, adding hundreds of cities to the jet networks of the world. In addition, the 727 will bring an unprecedented level of speed, comfort and convenience

to short-range air travel. When you go by Boeing 727, "getting there" will be an exhilarating part of your trip. As the newest member of the Boeing family of jetliners, the 727 is backed by the experience gained in more than one billion miles of 707 and 720 jet experience. Here are the airlines that have already ordered 147 Boeing 727s: American, Ansett-ANA, BWIA, Eastern, Lufthansa, National, TAA (Australia), TWA and United.

BOEING 727

U.S. BUSINESS

BUILDING

Going Up

More than 10% of all the money spent in the U.S. goes for new construction, from houses to highways—a fact that makes Americans the buildingest people on earth. Last year an unexpected 6% jump in construction spending was one of the most important factors in the economic advance. Though they expect this pace to slow slightly in 1964, Commerce Department economists look for construction outlays to

billion on construction in 1964: 9% more will be spent on schools than in 1963, 17% more on hospitals, 48% more on administration buildings and 5% more on highways. Because of the Pentagon's cutbacks, military spending is expected to drop by 8%.

Prefabricated Savings. Government economists predict that 1,640,000 new residences will be started in 1964, 40,000 more than last year. The biggest need for new homes is in the fast-growing West; the East is much more heavily built up, but its market is kept growing by prospering families who are always on the lookout to trade in their homes for more room and more luxury. Fortunately, mortgage loans are still easy to come by, and the trend is for home buyers to avoid the red tape of low-cost FHA or VA loans in favor of straight deals with their banks.

Contractors held the increase in build-

turn, but the evidence to support them is weak; with the exception of one year (1960), total construction spending has marched steadily upward to new records every year since World War II. Even the apartment glut—and many apartment seekers would dispute that there really is one—probably will lessen as more and more new families are formed each year. With such built-in growth ahead, estimates are that construction outlays will increase by two-thirds, to \$107 billion, by 1975.

CORPORATIONS

Expand or Expire

As the principal purveyor of power to the nation's fastest-growing state, San Francisco's Pacific Gas & Electric Co. has to expand at full speed just to keep up. Already a giant among U.S. power utilities, it ranks first in the size



NEW SHAPE IN HARTFORD



NEW CONSTRUCTION IN WEST LOS ANGELES

Also an underground high school and \$21 billion for repairs.

continue to buoy the economy, rising 5% to a new record of \$65.6 billion. In addition to this fresh spending, Americans will pump another \$21 billion into the economy just to keep their buildings, roads and homes in good repair.

The biggest impetus to construction lately has been the headlong rush of investors to throw up new apartment buildings in cities, suburbs and practically anywhere they would fit. This eagerness pushed apartment construction up 19% last year, but caused some overbuilding in such cities as New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Los Angeles and Houston. One result: apartment building can be expected to slow up this year, holding the growth of all urban residential construction—which accounts for more than a third of all money spent on building—to a 3% increase v. 8% last year. Construction by businesses, which accounts for a fifth of all expenditures, will rise 4.7%, about the same as last year. Federal, state and local governments will spend about \$20

ing costs last year to only 2.8%, despite a 4% rise in wages, because they used more prefabricated sections in buildings and more labor-saving equipment. Despite restrictions in many of the nation's 10,000 building codes, contractors hope to save even more eventually by using such innovations as plastic pipe, lightweight sandwich-wall sections for houses, and bathrooms with the facilities molded in a single Fiberglas unit. Builders are not only experimenting with new materials, but with new shapes and concepts (see cover story in MODERN LIVING). One of the most unusual new office buildings is Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.'s Hartford, Conn. headquarters, which is a twosided, ship-shaped monolith. To shut out the roar of jets at Fort Worth's Carswell Air Force Base, builders are constructing a junior high school that will be entirely underground.

Built-In Growth. Some economists argue that construction moves in cycles all its own and may be due for a down-

of the area it covers, first in revenues (1963 earnings: \$113 million on \$749 million sales), and second only to New York City's Con Edison in generating capacity. P.G. & E.'s growth has been so phenomenal that the company will spend a record \$255 million in 1964 on new power plants and transmission facilities. The 1964 outlay, announced last week, is only the first installment of a master plan that by 1980 will make P.G. & E. the nation's biggest utility in every respect.

"Wet & Dark." Guiding P.G. & E. on its fast upward climb is its new president, Robert H. Gerdes, 59, a lean, shy lawyer whose voice sounds like Jimmy Stewart's. Gerdes joined P.G. & E. in 1929, worked mainly on legal and financial affairs before replacing Norman Sutherland as president last July (Sutherland died a few weeks later from cancer—TIME, Sept. 13). Though a native Californian, Gerdes has a utility man's notions about the profitability of bad weather. "We like it wet and dark,"

he says, "and the colder the better."

Even if the weather is as good as Californians claim it is, P.G. & E. will spend \$2.4 billion in the next 17 years to triple its kilowatt output to 15 million a year by building 16 new generating plants, mostly nuclear-powered. The company pioneered in private nuclear power, already has two plants in operation.

P.G. & E.'s nuclear ambitions are, in fact, involving the company in the bitterest controversy in its 111-year history. It has already laid the foundations for a site on which to build a big reactor at Bodega Bay, a desolate crag 50 miles north of San Francisco. Because Bodega Bay is only 1,000 ft. from the San Andreas fault—the shifting rock formation that triggered San Francisco's 1906 earthquake—many Californians strongly oppose the

RAILROADS

The Little Lines That Could

Many of the nation's great railroads owe their size to the fusing of shorter lines over the years. The New York Central grew out of 400 independently constructed and operated lines, and the mighty Pennsylvania was forged out of 600 separate lines. But many of the short lines stayed short—and today they play a little known but important role in the shadow of the giants. The U.S. now has about 450 short-line railroads, whose trackage varies in length from less than a mile to 200 miles. Far from dying out, the short lines are prospering in many places; in Texas five have been started since World War II.

Tidy & Tiny. The short lines bear such quaint names as the Arcade & Attica, the Belfast & Moosehead Lake,

by bigger roads, or bridge lines that run between two big roads. But the short-haul roads, which perform on a small scale the same functions as the big lines, are the heart of the short-line system. Often they depend on one or a few industries for their livelihood. The dependence is sometimes so great, in fact, that some roads are "captive" lines set up by companies just to serve their plants. U.S. Steel owns twelve short lines, and Bethlehem Steel owns seven.

On Chicken Feed. Even the independent carriers lean heavily on a few customers. The Bath & Hammondsport in upstate New York does practically all of its business hauling wines from the state's wine district. The Camino, Placerville & Lake Tahoe, which clears about \$6,000 annually, services two northern California sawmills. The Virginia Blue Ridge Railway, only 17



TWEEBSITE STATION IN NORTH CAROLINA

Various, scattered, and content with being short.

plan, fearing that a quake-damaged reactor might spill fallout over the neighborhood area. Whether P.G. & E. can go ahead with its plans depends on the Atomic Energy Commission, which is studying the matter thoroughly before making its ruling.

Nuclear or Else. Should P.G. & E.'s plans at Bodega Bay be frustrated, Gerdes nonetheless intends to build other reactors elsewhere. He has little choice but to go nuclear. California lacks the coal and natural gas with which to produce inexpensive electricity, and Gerdes must thus develop P.G. & E.'s nuclear capability or face the possibility that the company in a few years may be unable to meet the state's growing electrical demands. It might then be forced to raise prices—now below the national average—in order to build more conventional power plants. President Gerdes is ever mindful of the fact that such action would give California's numerous proponents of public power an opening to demand the establishment of a TVA of the West.

the Hoosac Tunnel and Wilmington and the Tweetsie. Most of them are operated by small businessmen for whom railroading is still a shirtsleeve job and the romance of the rails a pleasant bonus. But apart from a handful, like North Carolina's Tweetsie, and the Reader Railroad in southwest Arkansas, which have made their puffing steam locomotives colorful and profitable tourist attractions, romance is not what the short lines are run for. Says an Interstate Commerce Commission official: "There's money to be made in short-line railroads these days if you know how to go about it."

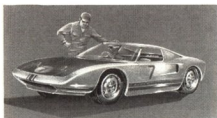
The short lines go about it by specializing in such bulk commodities as grain or ore, servicing isolated factories, mines and installations that have been bypassed by the main lines. Most of them can survive because they carry no passengers, have comparatively low property valuations, few employees (some get by with a dozen) and small tax and debt loads. Many short lines are terminal or switching operations owned

miles long, does most of its business hauling bulk freight for a quarry and an American Cyanamid plant in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

In the interest of self-survival, the short lines are often even more aggressive than their big brothers. When the failure of local industries threatened its existence, Maine's Belfast & Moosehead Lake built a chicken-feed plant along its line, leased it to an operator and began a feed haul from the plant to the Maine Central. In Texas, where every one of the 13 short-line railroads is making a profit, Veteran Railroader Joseph P. Kerr bought the ten-mile, three-diesel Georgetown Railroad five years ago, persuaded nearly a dozen plants to locate along his line, and last year netted \$118,000.

Linking North & South. Some lines prosper because of quirks of nature or of men. The biggest, busiest and most profitable of the bridge roads is the 129-year-old Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac, whose 117-mile main line between Washington and Richmond—





FORD'S RACER
For the Continent's tracks.

protected from competition in earlier decades by its part-owner, the state of Virginia—is still the only coastal link between North and South. All North-South traffic takes the R.F. & P.; over it daily thunder 23 passenger trains and ten freights bound from one to another of the six Class I roads (the Pennsy, the Southern, and the merging C. & O. B. & O. and Atlantic Coast Line-Sea-board) that have controlled it jointly since 1901. Gathering 80% of its traffic from its bridge operation, the road last year cleared about \$4,000,000 on operating revenues of \$24 million.

For all their glamour and hustle, short lines will go on being short. Their less than 2% share of total rail revenues last year was a tiny tweet amid the mighty roar of the main lines. Mergers, of course, still take place. The Lehigh & Susquehanna disappeared last year into the Reading, and the Mohoning & Shenango into the New York Central. But one thing is certain: in 1964, the nation's short lines are too various, too scattered—and too content with their tiny place in the sun—for another Pennsy or Central ever to emerge from them.

AUTOS

Back & Forth

The auto business, though still dominated by the U.S., has become so internationalized that there is an increasing interplay between markets. Hoping to gain both profit and prestige from the exchange, a U.S. automaker last week decided to sell one of its European-made cars in the U.S., while another U.S. company announced that it will build a car in England to race on the Continent.

► On sale later this month in 422 selected Buick showrooms will go a newcomer that has already proved its mettle in Germany. The car: the Opel Kadett, a compact made by General Motors' German subsidiary in a new \$250 mil-

lion plant in the Ruhr, which G.M. feels will be more profitable if it produces at a higher volume. The Kadett's good looks have already dented Volkswagen's sales in Germany (TIME, Nov. 29), and G.M. hopes that the same thing will happen in the U.S. The company sold Opels through Buick once before, but dropped them in 1961 after it brought out its own compacts. Now, since its compacts have grown bigger in size, G.M. believes that there is room in its line for the small Kadett, which is only 154.5 in. long and 54 in. high but will seat four adults. The Kadett will be available as a station wagon, hard-top coupé, and standard two-door sedan; the two-door sedan will probably sell for \$1,655, only \$60 more than the more austere Volkswagen costs.

► After keeping its secret for more than a year, Ford finally announced that it is producing an auto designed specifically for Europe's prestigious racing circuit. Ford's new racer is a sleek fastback with a 200-m.p.h. top speed and a 375-h.p. engine that is placed "midships"—in front of the back axle but behind the driver—to achieve the best weight distribution. Ford plans to field a racing team with its new Grand Touring racers, which will be built in a rented London plant, and hopes to have about 100 cars ready for sale to the public by next year (estimated price: \$15,000). The Ford racers will make their debut in June in Europe's most grueling test—the 24-hour race on Le Mans' tricky, twisting track, where only 14 of last year's 49 starters finished. Production volume is not really important. If Fords can beat the Ferraris that have dominated Le Mans for the past six years, Ford's prestige will rise by millions.

PROFITS

Battle of Behemoths

With corporate profits consistently and spectacularly on the rise for the last ten quarters, a see-saw, record-smashing battle of behemoths is going on. Last year General Motors reported earnings of \$1,459 billion on sales of \$14.6 billion, more than any corporation anywhere had ever earned in a single year. Last week, however, an old champion regained the crown. Reporting on the twelve months that ended Nov. 30, A.T. & T. Chairman Frederick R. Kappel informed his 2,250,000 shareholders that the telephone company and its sprawl of subsidiaries had net income of \$1,522 billion on operating revenues of \$9.5 billion. "The Bell System," said Kappel with ringing understatement, "has had a good year." But still to be heard from is another Frederic who has also had a good year. A month from now, G.M.'s Chairman Frederic Donner will issue his report on a year that was the best in Detroit's history. On the basis of projections from its record-breaking \$1.08 billion net for the first three quarters, G.M. may well take back the title.

PERSONALITIES

THE first thing soft-spoken Floyd D. Hall did when he moved into the president's office at Eastern Airlines last month was to hang his framed TWA pilot's wings and captain's stripes on the wall. The act was symbolic; only a few days later, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker retired after 26 years as Eastern president, and later chairman, leaving Hall in complete command. Hall, 47, is already reshaping Eastern from top to bottom, stressing detailed economic planning, improved cabin service, and a hard sell to win more passengers. Though the line has lost \$41.5 million in the past four years, former Pilot Hall has impressive experience in pulling out of nose dives. As TWA's general manager, he played a key role in transforming that line into a big moneymaker. He is counting heavily on Eastern's employees to help him out. "In an uncertain situation like this," says Hall, "people are hungry for someone to tell them what to do. Once they understand what they are supposed to do, they are willing to work over their heads."



DAVID GAHR
HALL



GIBSON

A T 44, Robert L. Gibson is the youngest president in the 96-year history of Chicago-based Libby, McNeill & Libby, one of the world's biggest food canners and freezers. Libby's sales had been declining for four years when energetic, cigar-chomping Bob Gibson took over in 1962 (he had never worked for another company), but his infusion of young ideas into the company has set it off on a steady rise ever since. Gibson shook up a whole roster of vice presidents, increased the authority of divisional managers, applied scientific research to marketing Libby's 300 products (best seller: tomato juice). He feels that the best place for Libby to regain its youth is in Western Europe, where rising living standards provide a growing market for canned goods. Libby will add a \$5,000,000 cannery in the Rhône Valley this year to already operating processing plants in West Germany and England (three major European firms now hold 40% of Libby's stock). Gibson travels a lot, but still taste-tests his products and approves the label for each canned product.



G.M.'S OPEL KADETT
For the U.S. market.

WORLD BUSINESS

INTERNATIONAL ECONOMY A Steady Performance

From the Common Market to the Far East and from Canada to South America, the steady and gratifying economic growth of the free world's industrial nations in 1963 provided a striking contrast to the widespread economic difficulties of the Communist bloc. There were economists, of course, who complained that one nation's boom was racing too fast, that another's was losing headway, or that still another's could not continue without strong medicines. But no one could gainsay the fact that most free, industrialized nations stood clear of crucial economic problems—while the Soviet Union's wheat crop failed, Red China's economy continued to falter at bare subsistence levels and Cuba proved a good showcase of how to ruin an economy in a hurry.

Scooters & Rice Cookers. If one key trend became evident during the year, it was that a certain sense of levelheaded stability has emerged to touch the economies of most free nations, even those that have not yet fully learned all the lessons of economic discipline. That stability enabled them to weather, with no more than a momentary flutter, crises that ranged in 1963 from outright revolutions and strong leftward shifts in government to Charles de Gaulle's rude exclusion of Britain from the Common Market and the assassination of the U.S. President.

Every national economy presents its own problems and opportunities, but

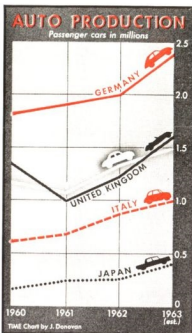
common to the industrialized nations in 1963 was a source of strength that has grown abroad in recent years even faster than in the U.S.: the consumer. The U.S. tends to take consumer spending for granted, but a real consumer boom is a relatively new phenomenon in many parts of the world. What were once luxuries are becoming necessities in many places, motivating the Italian family to upgrade its motor scooter to an auto and the Japanese housewife to want an automatic rice cooker. This same desire drives Congolese men to insist on neatly starched white shirts and Venezuelans to save for a vacation at the seashore. Last year consumers almost everywhere had a bit more to spend, and provided the major push to their economies by spending it for a better life. Their spending helped push world production of autos, appliances, and the steel that goes into them, to new records.

Frightened Away. But there were problems too—in some places caused by the little man's desire for a better life and in others by his inability to realize that desire. Increased consumer spending touched off a worldwide rise in imports—an excellent tonic for the overall level of international commerce but a bothersome occurrence for nations struggling with delicate trade balances. Growing wage demands in Europe, Latin America and Asia far exceeded gains in productivity, causing serious threats of a new round of inflation in France and Italy, a rise of 23% in Japan's cost of living, and of a hopeless 70% in Brazil's.

Even the developing nations posted growth rates that looked good, but, with weaker consumer markets and little industry, they are still making slow progress toward the sort of prosperity enjoyed in most of the Western nations. Their economies remain tied to whimsical and widely fluctuating commodity prices, and many of their governments insist on policies that frighten away badly needed capital. As a result, most commodity-dependent nations of Asia, Africa and Latin America, for all their advances, did not grow fast enough economically to make actual gains against their exploding populations. In 1963 the gap between the haves and the have-nots continued to widen.

Despite these problems, 1963 looked good in most of the world's economies:

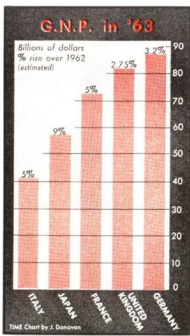
WESTERN EUROPE. The Common Market's gross national product grew by 4% (a healthy rate, though less than last year's 4.9%), but the big economic news of the year in Europe was the Market's ability to survive its worst crisis and equip itself with an agricultural agreement that is vital to the economic union of the Six. Shortages in skilled labor pushed up wages and prices

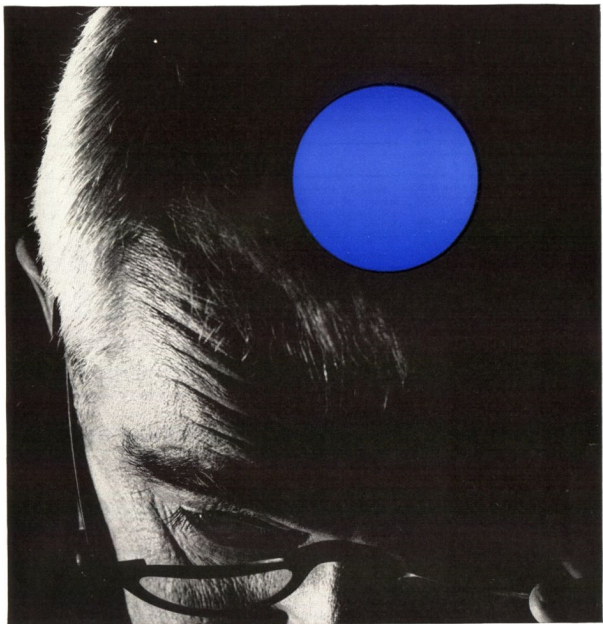


throughout Europe and made inflation a serious threat. After rents in France had risen 82% and meat prices 33% in five years, Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing finally decreed a *Plan de Stabilisation* so that, he says, "every hole where inflation could infiltrate will be plugged." The Benelux countries face similar problems; and in Italy, wages rose 16% last year and consumers continued on a binge of credit buying. European governments plan to check inflation before it does too much damage, but higher prices have already caused Common Market exports to level—to the benefit of U.S. companies, which can now give the Europeans tougher price competition on their home ground.

Germany and Britain were the surprise performers of 1963. Both started out with bleak prospects, but Germany's wages and prices increased less than those of its neighbors, and its exports jumped 8.5% at the expense of the other Market members. In Britain, 1963 was summed up by a London editorial: "The year that started with a whimper ends with a bang." After the shock of its failure to get into the Common Market, the government eased credits and taxes, thus making possible a 6% increase in industrial output and a 7% rise in exports. Now a new round of inflationary wage increases threatens to slow everything down again.

Sweden's easy-credit policy last year helped cause a rise in business activity and a mild inflation. Denmark and Norway controlled prices and credit more closely, scored solid gains in exports,





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But payments deficits continue to plague the Norwegians, who are investing heavily in additional ships for their merchant fleet to attract more income from abroad. In Greece, the government's drive to eliminate unprofitable crops reaped an 8% rise in farm sales, the country's biggest moneymaker.

LATIN AMERICA. Runaway inflation and low world prices for commodities, which most Latins depend on for export income, made 1963 a dreary year for most Latin American countries. The bright spots: Argentina, recovering from a recession; Venezuela, riding an oil-export gusher; Peru, enjoying a virtual world monopoly in fish-meal production; and Mexico, newly bustling with outside investment.

ASIA. In the developing nations, economic growth is behind projections, and population increases are ahead of them. India's third Five-Year Plan is far short of its 11%-a-year growth aim, and the costs of its major projects have been grossly underestimated. In Japan, where Premier Ikeda is considered a wet blanket for trying to dampen growth to 7% a year, gross national product rose nearly 9%.

THE MIDEAST. Despite a total of twelve successful and unsuccessful government coups during the year, the Mideast nations' G.N.P. rose 6% and personal income 3%. Reasons: oil income was up 12%, and a rainy year improved output of cotton, wheat, tobacco and fruit.

CANADA, like the U.S., had an excellent all-round year, especially marked by record auto sales and soaring exports. But tax increases to finance schools, sewage and electrical systems to keep up with the growing population, most economists feel, are apt to slow the growth rate this year.

AUSTRALIA started off slowly in 1963, finished with a dream year—G.N.P. up nearly 8%, prices stable, international trade in near-perfect balance. 1964 looks just as good.

AFRICA. Despite some industrialization, new African nations still depend almost completely on commodities for their income. Dropping cocoa prices caused trouble in West Africa; rising tea and coffee prices brought mild prosperity to East Africa. In South Africa, a strong rise in profits, production and exports made 1963 prosperous.

Throughout the free world, 1964 looks to be a year of continued economic advance, although the advance in many nations may be spottier and somewhat slower than it has been. The consumer's splurge again figures to be a major factor, and increased demand is already beginning to step up business spending for modernization and expansion. This should also be a spur to the income of the 80 countries that rely mostly on commodity exports for their livelihood, bringing them better prices in 1964. Despite a few obvious trouble spots, economic health is gradually becoming the world rule rather than the exception.

TRAVEL

Fairer Fares

After almost a year of high-level haggling, on two continents, the majority of the airlines flying the North Atlantic last week produced some good news for travelers. They finally agreed on lower fares that will go into effect April 1. Unless the majority's resolve somehow wilts, the new rates be-

tween New York and London will be:

	New	Old
First-Class	\$375	\$475
Economy	\$210	\$263

The airlines, which would like to attract more passengers in the off-season, attached one disappointing rider to the agreement: during the ten weeks of summer, when 65% of all U.S. tourist travel to Europe takes place, the economy fare will be cut only \$8, to \$255.

MILESTONES

Born. To Herbert von Karajan, 55, maestro of the Berlin Philharmonic, and French-born Eliette Mouret von Karajan, 28: their second child, second daughter; in St. Moritz, Switzerland.

Married. Barbara Davis Sherry, 16, blonde daughter of Cinematron Bette Davis; and Jeremy Hyman, 29, film executive assigned to escort her at the Cannes Film Festival; in Beverly Hills.

Died. Prince Chula Chakrabongse, 55, expatriate member of Thailand's royal family, who in revenge for *The King and I* wrote *Lords of Life*, an insider's report of Siamese royalty, leaving little doubt that Yul Brynner's resemblance to any King of Siam ended with his shaven head, and incidentally debunking the belief that King Chulalongkorn had 3,000 wives and 370 children (it was 92 wives and 77 children); of cancer; in Tredethy, Cornwall.

Died. The Rev. Gustave Weigel, 57, Jesuit theologian at Maryland's Woodstock College, urbane and quick-witted author (*Faith and Understanding in America*), an editor of the Jesuit weekly *America*, and devoted ecumenist; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. "Gloomy Gus" Weigel, as his friends called him for his visage, not his personality, played a major role in the 1960 Kennedy campaign with a speech stating that the church would not interfere with a Catholic president, acted as informal press secretary at the Vatican's Ecumenical Council, was widely hailed for his understanding of other religions, winning a 1962 honorary degree from Yale as one "who had broken through the Reformation wall and pioneered Catholic-Protestant dialogue."

Died. A. J. Liebling, 59, freewheeling journalist and longtime *New Yorker* contributor, who turned his sometimes loving, often acid pen to food (no one could pack away more), prizefights (he once fancied himself a not-quite Hemingway-class boxer), World War II accounts of the North African campaign, countless articles on the *Wayward Press*, and one notable dissection of *Chicago: The Second City*, whose cry, Liebling insisted, had changed from "Lemme at him" to "Hold him offa me"; of pneumonia; in Manhattan.

Died. Paul Hindemith, 68, master composer in the German baroque tradition; following a stroke; in Frankfurt (see MUSIC).

Died. Louis ("Louie the Dip") Finkelstein, 73, king of the nation's pickpockets, a dapper, Russian-born master of petty larceny who gleefully boasted of paying \$8,000 a year in fines, court costs and lawyers' fees, was arrested a record 121 times in Cleveland alone, once being nabbed with his fingers in the pockets of a police chief, another time with the wallet of a reporter covering his trial, but alas, spent his last years in retirement and on relief after arthritis robbed him of his touch; of a heart attack; in Cleveland.

Died. Ahmed Abboud Pasha, 74, Egypt's richest businessman in the days before Nasser's "Arab socialism," a minor merchant's son who started out as a civil engineer but soon decided that there were more piasters in trade, in the 1940s and '50s piled up a \$100 million empire in chemicals, paper, shipping, sugar and cotton, only to have it all nationalized by Nasser in 1961; of heart and kidney ailments; in London.

Died. Helen Landowne Resor, 77, widow of Stanley Burnet Resor, long-time (1916-1955) president and chairman (1955-1961) of J. Walter Thompson, the nation's second biggest advertising agency (estimated 1963 billings: \$450 million), herself a vice president and director for more than four decades, renowned for her sprightly copywriting ("The skin you love to touch") and pioneering use of famous name testimonials (Eleanor Roosevelt once endorsed White Owl cigars; after a long illness; in Manhattan).

Died. John H. ("Jack") Minds, 92, fullback on the 1894-97 Pennsylvania eleven that won 55 of 56 games, who against Harvard kicked football's first point after touchdown from placement, was the first to make an art of hiding the ball, the first to use the "coffin-corner" kick, became a Walter Camp All-American by scoring 15 touchdowns, two field goals, 27 extra points in 1897, a record that would be impressive even in today's high scoring game; in Philadelphia.

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Stockholm	437.40	536.40	621.90	849.90
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Zurich	379.80	478.80	564.30	792.30
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B. Year-round from April 1st, EXCEPT eastbound May 22nd–Aug. 3rd, and westbound July 17th–Sept. 28th.

C. May 22nd–Aug. 3rd eastbound, July 17th–Sept. 28th westbound.

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ART

Britain's Liveliest Museum

A familiar profile along the Thames-side skyline in London is the sooty statue of Britannia, bearing a trident, atop the Victorian baroque pile that is the Tate Gallery. Britannia grasps her trident in what heraldry says is the wrong (that is, right) hand. In the past, this maladroitness has seemed symbolic of the Tate.

Sugar Merchant Henry Tate had the devil's own time getting the nation to accept his costly gift in 1890. A cruel tradition makes the Tate turn over any painting that can be defined as an old

II for annual government grants, still a pittance at \$112,000 a year, to buy works of art.

The Tate's keepers, or administrators, simply had to muddle through, and they did so brilliantly. By watching their purse, they developed shrewd eyesight. Two Henry Moore drawings that cost a paltry \$18 apiece in the early 1940s would now fetch a hundred times that; two Giacometti oils, bought for \$112 and \$168, are now worth around \$25,000 apiece.

The keepers also found rich friends. Sir Joseph Duveen gave a new wing to house the Tate's vast, unique J.M.W.

man's imagination be seen so amply. There are now 278 Turner oils. Before Rothenstein took over in 1938, the subtle, chromatic late Turners such as *Norham Castle, Sunrise* were kept in storage. Now their pale fire blazes across five Duveen Rooms.

Half Disestablished. What gives the Tate its latter-day prestige is Director Rothenstein, 62, an English painter's son who once taught art history at the University of Kentucky and the University of Pittsburgh. He knocked the stuffiness out of the museum, installed single-line hanging instead of stacking paintings up the walls the old-fashioned way, and made the rooms flow in chronological order. He vastly enlarged the U.S. collection because U.S. art

R. ZIMMER



BRITANNIA ATOP THE TATE



ROTHENSTEIN BESIDE A MOORE

Fine eyesight developed from watching the purse.

master to the National Gallery. For years, the public virtually ignored the Tate; during the 1930s the guards' first chore mornings was spinning the turnstile to build up fictitious attendance. But in the past decade the Tate has pulled ahead fast, and now, under the direction of Sir John Rothenstein, it is the largest and liveliest art museum in the British Commonwealth.

Muddling Through Brilliantly. The Tate's early troubles came from subordination to the trustees of the 140-year-old National Gallery and members of the stodgy Royal Academy, which had managed to be hostile in turn to Constable, Turner, Whistler, the Pre-Raphaelites, French impressionism and most everything else that subsequently mattered. "Mal à la Tate," punned a peeved *Punch*. At first the trustees forced the stepchild Tate to accept Victorian tearjerkers that no one will even borrow today. The Tate did not succeed in winning its complete autonomy from the National Gallery until 1955, and it had to wait till after World War

Turner collection; his son (eventually Lord Duveen of Millbank, titled for the medieval name of the Tate's site) added the museum's soaring sculpture hall. Formed five years ago, the Friends of the Tate Gallery, some 830 amateurs who banquet by candlelight three times a year amid the modern sculpture, have already given six Henry Moores, bringing the museum's total to 35, and have widened the U.S. collection with works by Louise Nevelson, Jasper Johns and Ellsworth Kelly. Three years ago, John Hay Whitney, then the U.S. Ambassador, helped found a group of American Friends of the Tate to add U.S. artists to the gallery. And two Jackson Pollocks were bought with a \$70,000 gift from H. J. Heinz II, chairman of the Pittsburgh food company.

Over the years the Tate collection (see *color*) has grown to nearly 4,000 British paintings, more than 300 modern foreign paintings, and some 360 pieces of sculpture. Only in the museum's 86 works by William Blake can the romantic prophet who enthroned

"was seriously underestimated abroad."

His great exhibitions are the talk of London: the 1963 survey of Australian art from aborigines to Sidney Nolan, his 1960 Picasso retrospective (which drew half a million viewers), big surveys of Hitchens, Arp, Soutine, Modigliani, Calder, Kokoschka, Nowadays, the supreme accolade for a living British artist is not a place in the Royal Academy. It is a place in the Tate.

Rothenstein, who was knighted in 1952, has fought hard for the Tate—once with his fists. At a bubbly art-show opening, his chief detractor, the waspish critic Douglas Cooper, taunted Rothenstein once too often, and the bespectacled, bantamweight director flattened him with one fat punch. Rothenstein has to buy paintings before they get expensive and safe, and the result is a rare reputation for a public gallery. Its oldest painting dates from Henry VIII, but it also buys Britain's latest Pop artists. Says Rothenstein: "We're a nice mixture—something established and disestablished all at once."

GREATS OF THE TATE



WILLIAM BLAKE (1757–1827), a mystical poet and painter, provides the Tate with a roomful of brightly

burning works. *Beatrice Addressing Dante from the Car*, swirling with fiery symbols, is from Blake's *Purgatorio*.



METAPHYSICAL WILDERNESS, where Evil confronts Good, lepers wail, God imposes and men lament, is the

range of this wall of Blake works. His clean line is suffused by glow of the poet's hair-raising creativity.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY HEINZ ZINKE



"NORHAM CASTLE, SUNRISE," painted by Turner about 1835, seems to prefigure the Impressionists. But

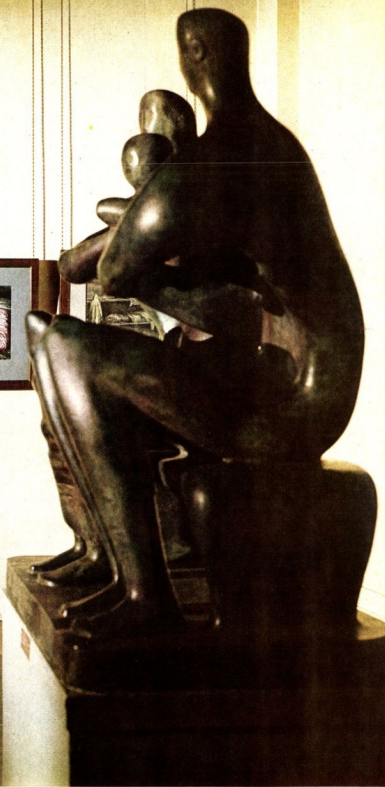
his fog-shrouded cow and looming blue castle were actually an attempt at precise recording of natural phenomena.



J.M.W. TURNER (1775-1851) showed command of tempo and technique in two tempestuous seascapes, which flank cool self-portrait. In *The Shipwreck and Calais Pier* he showed the sea's "waste wrath."

BEN NICHOLSON'S chaste, geometrically balanced abstracts are among Tate's British moderns. Shown here are *Feb. 28-53* (vertical seconds), *Guitar* (1933) and the chilling *Feb. 1960* (ice-off-blue).





HENRY MOORE'S *Family Group* (1949) rears smooth and small-headed above two of the great sculptor's wartime drawings. Done in 1941, *Woman Seated Underground* shows

his horror of the sepulchral air-raid shelter, while his *Pink and Green Sleepers*, of the same year, seem to have taken a deathlike shelter of their own. Tate has 35 Moores.

SCIENCE

ASTRONOMY

The Cause of the Dark Moon and Those Red Sunsets

Sky gazers who stayed awake to see last week's eclipse of the moon were treated to an astronomical surprise: the moon actually did disappear from view. Even during a total eclipse, the moon usually glows red after it slides into shadow because a small amount of refracted sunlight is bent around the earth by the atmosphere. This time, as observers in the small chilly hours watched the earth's shadow creep across the lunar surface, the moon's light finally flickered out entirely.

Among those who watched the black-out was Professor John A. Russell, chairman of the University of Southern California's astronomy department. Never before had he seen an eclipse in which the moon vanished completely. The effect may be brought about, he says, by dense and continuous clouds in the parts of the earth's atmosphere through which refracted sunlight must pass. But this time Professor Russell suspects another cause. Last spring's volcanic eruption on the island of Bali tossed vast quantities of fine dust high into the atmosphere. The tiny particles, which may take years to settle, have been turning sunsets unusually red. By screening off refracted light, they may also be responsible for the disappearance of the moon.

GEOPHYSICS

How to Break the Crust and Come Back Again

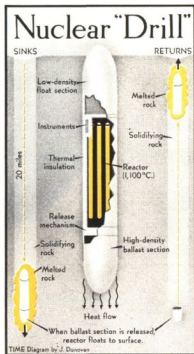
While Physicist William Mansfield Adams was working at the atomic Energy Commission's Livermore laboratory in California, he heard a lot about Project Mohole, and he did not believe what he heard. Mohole's goal is to drill through the earth's crust to see what the earth below is made of, and Adams questioned whether conventional drilling methods could reach much deeper than five miles, one-quarter of the desired distance. The doubting physicist worked out a radically different scheme for doing the job.

Adams' crust piercer, which he patented and assigned to the AEC, is a high-temperature nuclear reactor designed to melt its way into rock. The reactor is 2 ft. to 3 ft. in diameter, and its active material (uranium oxide) is enclosed in a cylinder of beryllium oxide, which serves as a heat insulator. The lower point, mostly tungsten, is heavy, while the upper point, mostly beryllium, is light.

Puddle of Lava. The "Needle Reactor," as Adams calls it, will be placed in a shallow shaft before its nuclear reactor is allowed to go critical. Quickly the temperature will rise to about 1,100° C. (2,012° F.), which is hot enough to

melt most rock. Because of the insulation around the midsection, most of the heat will flow downward; soon the lower point will be surrounded by a puddle of lava. The needle reactor will gradually drop into this plastic stuff, and the lava will close over it and solidify.

The reactor will sink toward the center of the earth, moving in a bubble of molten rock. Pressure on its sides will rise enormously, but Adams is not afraid that it will be crushed; it will have no inner cavities to collapse. He figures it can penetrate about 20 miles before pressure and temperature get too



high for its comfort. Then it will automatically start to rise.

Blowing Whale. The heavy lower point, Adams explains, will be attached in such a way that the pressure or temperature at a predetermined depth will release it. Freed from this ballast, the needle will be lighter than molten rock, and it will float instead of sinking. At last it will surface like a blowing whale, bringing with it samples of deep-down lava that have forced their way into depressions in its shell.

Adams estimates that a needle reactor will need about three months to drop 20 miles. He thinks the best place for a trial run would be one of the rock salt domes that poke to the surface along the Gulf of Mexico shore; the needle reactor should bubble through them as carelessly as a skindiver. Later models can tackle the sterner granite and basalt that form most of the rest of the earth's crust.

ENTOMOLOGY

Luring Love Lights

Professor Dr. Friedrich Schaller of the Braunschweig Technische Hochschule's Zoological Institute is a scientific voyeur. He has spent the better part of the past three years spying on the love life of Germany's two native glow-worms. The males of the *Lampyrus noctiluca* family, he reports with apparent approval, are choosy in picking their mates. The males of *Phausis splendidula* are as indiscriminating as sailors home from the sea.

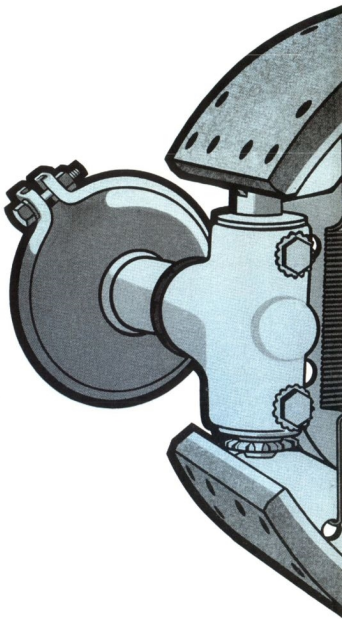
Both species are beetles whose larvae live in damp places and feed on snails. The adult females cannot fly. When they reach maturity, they wait patiently for dusk, then climb to a high spot and turn on their seductive light. Males flying overhead spot the beacon and drop down to pay court.

Belly Dance. Determined to find out just how the light lure works, Dr. Schaller made dummy females and lit them from inside with tiny electric bulbs. When the dummy's light duplicated the yellow-green of the live females, *Lampyrus* males were attracted to the fake female as readily as to the real. Yellow light excited them even more, while red, green and blue light left them indifferent. Only an overanxious few were attracted by lights of the wrong size or shape.

When a *Lampyrus* female does not find a mate promptly, says Dr. Schaller, she begins to wag her abdomen. As time passes, her little belly dance becomes more frantic. Dr. Schaller rigged his dummies for vigorous wagging, and they had outstanding success in attracting mates. *Lampyrus noctiluca*, he is convinced, has a highly selective optical system for locating willing females.

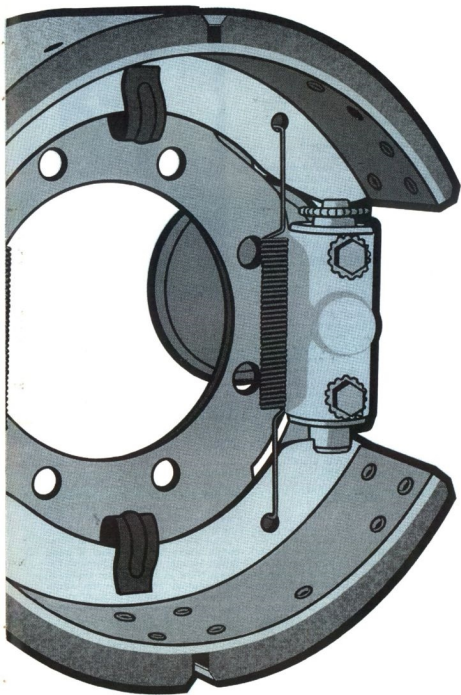
Fickle Failing. *Phausis splendidula* males are made of far less discriminating stuff. Besides mating properly with *Phausis* females, they go for almost anything that shows a light. They have been known to try unsuccessfully for hours to mate with *Lampyrus* females. They respond to dummies with lights that are unnatural red or blue, and they seem to prefer a dummy with a lure that is bigger or brighter than normal. *Phausis* females, also, are less resourceful than their *Lampyrus* relatives. No matter how long they go unmated, they never wiggle their abdomens. Dr. Schaller believes that such *Phausis* dullness keeps the sexes from getting together. As a kind of compensation for this biological disadvantage, there are five blundering *Phausis* males for each female, while the efficient *Lampyrus* male-to-female ratio is one to one.

One odd failing common to both species is extreme male fickleness. As soon as actual mating begins, the female turns off her light lure. But if another female is in the vicinity with her light still glowing, the busy male is as likely as not to disengage and hasten to the shining new partner.



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SHOW BUSINESS

COMEDIANS

Fate of the Myna Bird

Among all the young comedians who tried to make a nickel by imitating the voice of President Kennedy, Boston's Vaughn Meader did the best. His album *The First Family* sold over 3,500,000 copies. But after the President's death, record stores withdrew the records; nightclubs where Meader had been booked canceled his engagements.

Meader's act at the time actually had very little Kennedy material in it—only five minutes out of 45—because he was trying to shed his identification with the President and shape a career as a general comedian. Nonetheless, Meader had so thoroughly established himself as the myna bird who sounded like a President that he risked never being accepted as anything else.

Last week the 27-year-old comedian returned to work for the first time since the assassination, opening an act with all-new material at Manhattan's Blue Angel—the nightclub where his Kennedy routines first left the ground. Standing there with a solemn face and looking for all the world like a Kennedy, he went through an incredible variety of material, test-piloting everything from topical one-liners to complicated parables, seeking something that would click.

He talked about cigarette smoking and lung cancer, saying there was a new sign over Forest Lawn cemetery: This is MARLBORO COUNTRY. He said that jealous religious types were trying to cash in like the singing nun, but no one was interested in a whistling rabbi. Trying folksiness, he told about the little town in Maine where he once lived: "The place was so small that Howard Johnson carried only one flavor."

For nearly half an hour, he seemed finished indeed. Then, casually, he picked

up a guitar and began to sing parody songs that tore open the evening. *Of Man River* came out like this:

*I don't plant cotton,
I don't plant taters,
But I get paid by the legislators
For plantin' nuttin' . . .
And On Top of Old Smokey had new lyrics:*

*I'm walking behind him
And I'm feeling fine.
I'm behind Richard Burton
And I'm next in line.*

In the end, he had scored on about 35% of his shots—not at all bad for a second beginning. He is a better-than-average comedian, and his best laugh really split the walls. "Fluoridated?" he said. "If I ever catch my son doing it I'll kill him."

BROADWAY

Seven Nicked Nuts

On the last weekend of 1963, the scythe went through six Broadway shows, and at least \$500,000 of investors' money disappeared with them. Mary Martin's new musical *Jennie* was the biggest money loser, since its nut was \$550,000 and it ran only ten weeks. The best play to fall was Jean Anouilh's *The Rehearsal* (it lost \$40,000). Other foldees: Terence Rattigan's *Man and Boy* (\$90,000 down), *The Irregular Verb to Love* (\$35,000), *Love and Kisses* (\$100,000), *Double Dublin* (\$45,000). This crop was quickly followed by Tennessee Williams' new version of *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Any More* (\$80,000).

ACTORS

Canny Scot

Nothing floors Hollywood quite so much as an ordinary man with a reasonably strong character, and whenever one comes to town he stands out like a sea horse in a colony of jellyfish. One is there now. He is a polite, amiable, tall, dark, and loose-hung Scot named Sean Connery, who divides his time. In every other film he makes, he is Ian Fleming's Secret Agent James Bond (*Dr. No*, *From Russia with Love*). Now working in Alfred Hitchcock's *Marnie*, he is playing a company owner who tries to cure a pretty kleptomaniac (Tippi Hedren) and woos her as well.

In Hollywood, Connery is considered offbeat two or three times over. First, he asked to read the script of *Marnie* before accepting the job. "Even Cary Grant doesn't ask to read a Hitchcock script," said Hitchcock's agent in London. "Well, I'm not Cary Grant," said Connery. "If you want me, send me a script." He picks up checks (something most actors consider against union rules), he has no personal pressagent, and out of sheer disinterest, he turns down invitations that others might pay



SEAN CONNERY & WIFE
Askir with a burr.

for: he was asked to help set the cornerstone of MCA's new skyscraper, but he shot a round of golf instead.

Fast Lessons. His individualism is just right for Agent Bond, who makes steely love, is a wine snob, and likes to rub people out without spilling blood on the carpet. But Bond is a phony and Connery is not. Bond flashes his acquired taste for champagne, but Connery just orders beer. Connery goes around Hollywood in new Levi's and sweatshirts. Just before the recent arrival of his wife (Actress Diane Cilento) and their two children, he moved into a \$1,000-a-month Bel Air house carrying nothing but a small suitcase and a carton of groceries.

Now 33, Connery was born in Edinburgh, where his father was a truck driver. He quit school at 15, joined the Royal Navy at 16, and was medically discharged at 19 for stomach ulcers. He bears two souvenirs of his Navy career tattooed on his forearm: "MUM AND DAD" and "SCOTLAND FOREVER." He worked at odd jobs like coffin polishing. Then a friend told him that a dancer was needed for the chorus of the London production of *South Pacific*. Connery took a fast 48 hours of private dancing lessons and got the job.

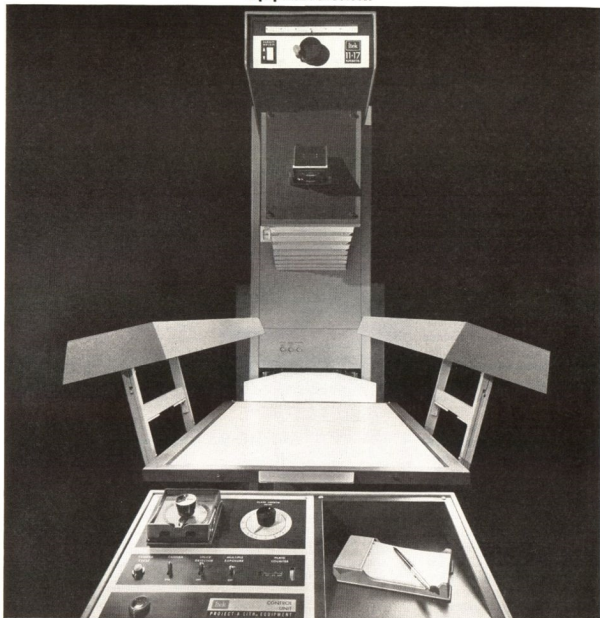
Soft Sell. Connery is now making more than \$200,000 a go, and he has a contractual guarantee of one freelance role for every appearance as Bond. He will soon be doing Fleming's *Goldfinger*, and after that he will go to Ireland to be Sean O'Casey in a film biography planned by Director John Ford.

As for Hollywood, the canny Scot thinks of it as a nice place to visit. "It's a very seductive atmosphere," he says in his soft-skirting burr. "One could easily turn into a sort of sweet lush."



VAUGHN MEADER
Recouping with a guitar.

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CINEMA

A Judas Goat

The *Easy Life*. Dust swirls, the camera whirls to follow a flashy type in a flashy car varooming through Rome on a sleepy summer morning. All at once the car skids to a stop, and the type hollers up at a young man watching him from a second-story window. "Ciao! Ha telefono?" The young man hesitates—should he reply to a passing stranger?

"Si," he says at last, and the word sets in train the strange and affecting tale of this strange and brilliant Italian film, the hilarious and horrifying parable of a Judas goat who innocently leads a lamb to the slaughter.

"Si," he says, and the flashy type (Vittorio Gassman) comes bounding upstairs to use the telephone. Turns out he's a gay and charming playboy on the



TRINTIGNANT & GASSMAN
Mistress to mistress.

sunny side of 40, a colorful drone who buzzes from mistress to mistress, job to job, meaning no harm but constitutionally unable to consider anyone but himself, any moment but now. The young man (Jean Louis Trintignant) is the typological opposite: a self-swallowing introvert who buries his life in his law books and doesn't even dare say hello to the girl he secretly loves.

"What are you living for!" the playboy bellows, and drags him off for a spin in his sports car. The young man tries to resist but he cannot; the energy, the zest of the older man sweep him along like a leaf in a gale. Eighty, ninety, a hundred miles an hour and, *mamma mia!* no hands on the wheel! Two girls appear in a convertible; the playboy gives chase. The police roar after him; he flashes a government pass. Gas, cigarettes, food: the playboy orders but his companion pays. The young man objects to being used; yet at the same time he knows he is getting his money's worth. He is getting a shot in the arm, a transfusion of hot red blood from a vitality more abundant and intense than his.

With ruthless force the new life forces out the old. After 36 hours of it, the young man suddenly feels empty, light, free: free of the past, free of his own

galling limitations, free of his existence even, free as a bird and like a bird he longs to spread his wings and fly! "Faster!" he shouts into the shouting wind. "Go faster!" The playboy, catching his mood, laughs with a mad demonic exultation and pushes the pedal to the floor. Ninety, a hundred, "Faster!" Laughing, the playboy swings out to pass . . .

Up to that point, *The Easy Life* is one of the funniest pictures ever made in Italy—a picaresque podge of *Don Quixote* and *La Dolce Vita*, a *Tom Jones* with jetaway. Gassman is superbly absurd as a sex bomb stuffed with ravioli, and Director Dino Risi faultlessly paces and spaces the fun and games. In its whole intention, however, *The Easy Life* is clearly more tragic than comic. The party is over before the picture is over. The spectator lifts the last glass of champagne to his lips and finds it full of blood: the blood of a decent, bewildered boy who does not understand that every man must live his own life, no matter how dull it may sometimes seem; who does not understand that the easy life is essentially an easy death.

Two from Martin

Dean Martin, 46, is a reconditioned crooner who looks like a Vitalis ad, but too often his behavior on the screen is just greasy kid stuff. He has a low flair for stand-up comedy and lie-down love scenes, but he tries so hard to be smooth that he mostly seems oily. What's worse, in recent years his style has been influenced by one of his best friends, and something like Sinatrophly appears to be setting in.

4 for Texas, in which Martin shares star billing with Sinatra, is one of those pictures that are known in Hollywood as Clanbakes. They are made by Frankie and his friends, a collection of show business characters who are pleased to call themselves The Clan, and if showbuz-buzz can be believed really are a lot of fun to film. Unfortunately, they are not much fun to see.

Ocean's 11 was a slightly amusing remake of *Rififi* that instituted a custom: every Clan picture carries a number in its title. *Sergeants 3* was a feeble remake of *Gunga Din*, *4 for Texas*, apparently intended as a jester, or horse-laugh opera, isn't really funny. It isn't really funny to see two overage destroyers (Martin and Sinatra) wallowing in floods of booze. It isn't really funny to see two top-heavy tootsies (Anita Ekberg and Ursula Andress) involved in a tasteless chest contest. And it isn't really funny to hear line after line that develops a double meaning from a single idea.

What's mainly wrong with *Texas*, though, is what's wrong with all Clan pictures: the attitude of the people on the screen. They constitute an in-group,

and they seem bored with the outside world. Sometimes, perish the thought, they even seem bored with each other. They scratch, they mumble, they hack around. They appear less concerned to entertain the public than to indulge their private fantasies. Maybe they ought to call their next picture 30.

Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed? It's that Martin man again. This time he is carrying a stethoscope instead of a six-shooter, but never mind. He's the same old Dean-o, and he's got the same old thing on his mind in this bedtime story, written for depraved children of all ages, about a Daddy Bear and a lot of mamma wolves he happens to know.

Daddy Bear is Dr. Adams, and he is the star of a television show on which he gives medical advice to the millions.



MONTGOMERY & MARTIN
Wife to wife.

His advice seems so sound that housewives keep barging into his Beverly Hills house for help. One of the wives is French: she cooks for him. One of the wives is Japanese: she massages his back with her feet. And one of the wives is a great big daddy-sized redhead named Jill St. John—a very matey lady with lots of black paint over her eyes. All she does is dance, dance, dance. Wicked Jill and the other wives cause Dean to have a nervous breakdown. Not that any of them have been sleeping in his bed; it's just that he is engaged to marry Elizabeth Montgomery and worries that she too might turn out to be a Daddy Bear baiter.

Later, Elizabeth almost has a breakdown because her roommate is Carol Burnett. Carol plays the good fairy who tries to keep things from falling apart. She, too, has seen the script, which needs first aid, so she gallantly does a striptease, caroms into doors, turns her face inside out, and gets Elizabeth and Dean back together. Alas, by that time all the depraved children are fast asleep, and Dean looks as though he wishes he had stood in Texas.

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In London, Sir Laurence Olivier will play *Othello* with the new National Theatre Company. From May through July, you can see *Macbeth* and *The Tempest* on an Elizabethan stage in the Mermaid Theatre by the River Thames.

And on summer evenings, the glades of Regent's Park will ring with alarms and excursions from *Henry V*.

Even London's music will have a Shakespearean lilt. The Covent Garden Opera Company is presenting Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Verdi's *Macbeth*, *Otello* and *Falstaff*.



Outside of London, you can enjoy *Richard II* at the Shakespeare Festival in Lincoln. See *Richard III* or *Antony and Cleopatra* in Bristol. And watch folk dancers "foot it feartly" in Elizabethan villages.

Seven-month season at Stratford

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Quick guide to Shakespeare's favorite haunts →

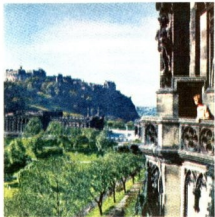


How to tour Shakespeare's Britain →

For free Shakespeare's Year Travel Kit, see your travel agent or write Box 631, British Travel Association, In New York—680 Fifth Ave.; In Los Angeles—612 So. Flower St.; In Chicago—39 So. LaSalle St.; In Canada—151 Bloor St. West, Toronto.



STRATFORD From April 23 through November 23, the Royal Shakespeare Theatre (above) will resound to *Henry V*, *Henry IV* (Parts 1 and 2) and *Richard II*. Seat prices start at 56 cents.



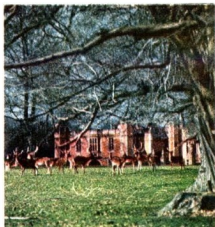
EDINBURGH The Scots are putting on Europe's grandest festival at Edinburgh (Aug. 16-Sept. 5). It's a heady blend of Shakespeare, concerts, ballet—even a floodlit military tattoo.



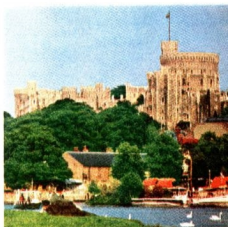
ALL AROUND BRITAIN You can see Shakespeare productions at Lincoln, Cheltenham, Salisbury and Pitlochry. London's Aldwych Theatre will be host to *six* international companies.



WHERE HE COURTED This is Anne Hathaway's cottage, a mile from Stratford. For 84 cents, you can buy a ticket that admits you to the cottage and six other places linked with Shakespeare.



WHERE HE POACHED Legend says that young Shakespeare was arrested for poaching Sir Thomas Lucy's deer in Charlcot Park (above). Admission to house and park is 35 cents.



WHERE HE ACTED Shakespeare and his players performed for Queen Elizabeth at Windsor Castle (above). You can also visit London's Middle Temple, where he acted in *Twelfth Night*.



RENT A CAR It's the fancy-free way to explore Britain's wiggly lanes and Elizabethan villages. You can rent a four-seater for about \$56 a week, insurance, gas and mileage included.



STAY AT INNS This is the Falstaff at Canterbury—haven for pilgrims since 1403. Many inns offer bed and breakfast from \$3.75. Lunch of English cheese and ale costs about 40 cents.



GO IN SPRING You'll be welcomed by flowers and pageantry (above, London in April). And you can catch the opening of Shakespeare's Year while roads and inns are still uncrowded.



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A. L. ROWSE

Did the bard love bowling?

The Sonnet Investigator

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE by A. L. Rowse. 485 pages. Harper & Row. \$6.95.

Not a single letter from Shakespeare is known to exist. Only one letter to him—a plea from a Stratford acquaintance for £30—is on record. Such facts of his life as can be ascertained from Stratford town records and a handful of references to him by folk in Elizabethan London can easily be (and, in fact, are) completely set down in a few columns of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. But for decades scholars have felt compelled to spin these few threads into an overblown fabric of speculation which the academic world charitably describes as literary biography. The latest offender is a brilliant and bumptious Cornishman named A. L. Rowse.

Biographical Blather. Rowse is a noted writer of Elizabethan history and one of the few historians ever to invade what has clearly been marked out as literary terrain. This, plus the fact that 1964 is the 400th anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, allowed some small room for hope—not that his book would offer new material (there has been none discovered since 1931), but that it would somehow be intriguing and different. Alas, Rowse is no further along than his second chapter before it becomes clear that he is going to bog down in much of the traditional blather of Shakespearean biography.

Like other authors before him, he strews his book with phrases like "we have no reason to doubt," which keep him honest while he pushes conjecture to the far limits of common sense. Like others, too, he is an image-counter and an incorrigible drawer of conclusions about the man's life from the man's works. Because Shakespeare refers to bowling 19 times in his plays, Rowse is

sure that the bard must have loved bowling. Because Shakespeare puts in Sir John Falstaff's mouth the famous speech slighting honor ("Who hath it? He that died of a Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No . . . I'll have none of it then?"), Rowse writes: "I think we may conclude that Shakespeare, sensible man, would not have been eager to risk his life for honor."

Anniversary Orgy. But if Rowse is only a competent biographer, he is outstanding as a side-winding literary promoter. For the past two months, he has been touring the U.S. lecture circuit, proclaiming that he solved the "problem of the sonnets" when all others have failed.

Anybody who has read the sonnets knows that Shakespeare is addressing a young man and urging him to marry and preserve his line: "Die single and thine image dies with thee." But who is the boy? When did Shakespeare write to him? And who are the rival poet and the dark lady who later appear in the sequence? These murky questions have perplexed generations of scholars.

Since Shakespeare's only patron was the young Earl of Southampton—a delicately hued blond boy who for years was the despair of his family because he took no interest in girls—the sonnets might seem, to any reasonable man, to have been written to him. Ah, but wait. They are prefaced with a dedication signed T. T., addressed to W. H., "the only begetter of these poems."

Wilde Theories. T. T. is understood to be Thomas Thorpe, Shakespeare's publisher. But who is W. H.? Encountering this conundrum, scholarly parties have scattered like quail. Some insisted that the poems were not written to Southampton but to William Herbert (W. H.), the Earl of Pembroke. Others pointed out that the initials of Southampton's given name, Henry Wriothesley (rhymes with grizzly), come out W. H. when reversed. Most ingenious of all was Oscar Wilde's theory. For reasons best known to himself, Wilde invented a homosexual figure called Will Hughes, by whom, he stoutly asserted, Will Shakespeare was enthralled, and for whom he had written the sonnets.

Snuffling about in the text for historic cross references to support any and all of these theories, the critics stumbled upon all manner of troubling touchstones. The most famous is contained in sonnet 107:

*The mortal moon hath her eclipse
endur'd,*

*And the sad augurs mock their own
presage;*

*Uncertainties now crown themselves
assur'd,*

*And peace proclaims olives of endless
age.*

Interpreting this as a news report, 20th century Scholar Leslie Hotson, wrote a whole book to prove that the "mortal

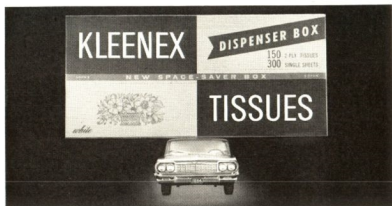
moon" referred to the defeat of the Armada—thus putting the date of the sonnets back to 1588.

Begetter Guessed. Into this mare's nest Rowse has stalked, offering his services, as he puts it with marvelous false humility, as a "mere historian." For anyone acquainted with Elizabethan history, he reports, it is all "quite simple." Beyond all doubt, the sonnets are to Southampton. W. H. was, clearly, William Harvey, Southampton's stepfather, who, when the young earl's mother died in 1608, inherited the sonnets and "got them" for Publisher Thorpe. Rowse points out that "beget" is used twice in *Hamlet* as meaning simply "to get." The sonnets were written in 1592-94, because they contain innumerable topical references "obvious to an historian." "Mortal moon," for example, was a stock epithet for Queen Elizabeth. Sonnet 107 therefore could only refer to the Queen's safe survival after the attempt of her Spanish physician, Dr. Lopez, to poison her in 1594.

As presented by Rowse, the sonnets do seem delightfully clear. They read, in fact, almost like a novel. But is Rowse's theory fact? U.S. Shakespearean critics are inclined to think so, since it agrees with the current commonsensical view. But with characteristic scholarly caution, they wish that Rowse would not be so cocksure about it. "Until there are some new documents," said Harvard's Professor Alfred Harbage, expressing a whole scholarly philosophy of life, "we want more people to say 'I don't know.'"

But the great thing about playing the Shakespeare game is that nobody can be proved a winner or a loser. And

HENRY WRIOTHESLEY
And boys?



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Rowse is even now preparing to get the last word—a new edition of the sonnets, translated into Rowse's English, all neatly arranged with commentary to be read—well, just like a novel.

The Hell-Black Night

THE PROPHET OUTCAST by Isaac Deutscher. 543 pages. Oxford. \$9.50.

THE BASIC WRITINGS OF TROTSKY edited by Irving Howe. 427 pages. Random House. \$5.95.

He might have ruled the Communist world, but Joseph Stalin shouldered him aside. Ever since, Leon Trotsky has been the favorite martyr of those Marxists who feel that Communism was never given a fair trial because Stalin corrupted it.

Would Communism under Trotsky have been different? As a personality, Trotsky was far more appealing than Stalin. In some ways, this anti-individualist was a true Renaissance man: brilliant orator, tough administrator, incisive historian, spectacular general. But he was also a fanatic and almost as contemptuous of human freedom as Stalin. In power alongside Lenin, he hamstringing trade unions, conscripted labor, suppressed opposition, and drove the Mensheviks from office with words that would in time be used against him: "Go where you belong from now on—to the rubbish can of history!"

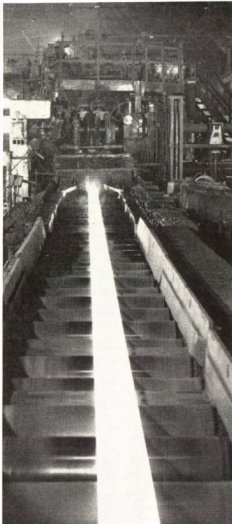
The difference is that the fanatic in power soon proves to be a monster; the fanatic who has lost his power sometimes assumes an aura of gallantry. Biographer Isaac Deutscher seems especially susceptible to this gallantry. An ex-Trotskyite and a respected writer on Communism, Deutscher has turned out an exciting, exacting biography that is very likely definitive, but he cannot prevent a touch of hero worship from creeping into his prose. Trotsky, Deutscher says, "strove to rally his fighters to the most impossible of causes. He sought to set them against every power in the world: against fascism, bourgeois democracy and pacifism; and against religion, mysticism and even secularist rationalism and pragmatism. He demanded unshakable conviction, utter indifference to public opinion, unflinching readiness for sacrifice and a burning faith in the proletarian revolution."

A Hounded Exile. As this third and last and most dramatic volume of Deutscher's biography opens, Trotsky has finally been ejected from the party by Stalin, and, with his wife Natalya, deported to Princes Islands off the coast of Turkey. There the pair set up house in a dilapidated villa they rented from a bankrupt pasha. Trotsky became friendly with the local fishermen and often went out to sea with them.

Trotsky was not lonely for long. Friends, reporters, curiosity seekers and a few GPU undercover agents flocked to the island. Trotsky plunged into an



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enormous correspondence with Trotskyites, who formed devoted, quarrelsome little groups in just about every country in the West. Trotsky did his best to unite them and boost their morale. He was genuinely appalled by Stalin's mass slaughter of Russia's peasantry and said so. But he confused his followers by scrupulously refusing to call for Trotsky's overthrow and by defending Stalin's incredibly Machiavellian foreign policy—even the invasion of Finland. He was always afraid of a bourgeois restoration in Russia and would do nothing to jeopardize the regime, which was the only Communist government in operating condition.

Eventually Trotsky chafed at his isolation. He applied for visas to other countries. But at the time, Stalin was considered the "moderate" who was content to establish "socialism in one country," while Trotsky was the firebrand who wanted to spread revolution everywhere. Democratic governments were understandably reluctant to extend their hospitality to a man who would advocate their overthrow. Finally, in 1933, France agreed to admit him, provided he did not meddle in French politics. Trotsky complied, but local Stalinists, as well as Nazis, would not let him be. They pressured local authorities to keep him on the move, and he was hounded from town to town. He was given brief refuge in Norway when a socialist government came to power. But Stalin protested, and in 1936 Trotsky was packed off to Mexico—his last place of exile.

Trotsky was enchanted by the Mexican landscape. He was fascinated by cacti and took long hikes to search for rare specimens. The hard-bitten revolutionary also kept rabbits and chickens at his home in Coyoacan, a suburb of Mexico City, and spent hours feeding them according to the latest scientific methods.

Closing In. Back in Russia the monstrous purge trials were under way. One after another, the old Bolsheviks took the stand, confessed monotonously to fantastic plots and implicated Trotsky. The more of them the maniacal Stalin murdered, the more he seemed to fear Trotsky. "The frenzy with which Stalin pursued the feud, making it the paramount preoccupation of international Communism, beggars description," writes Deutscher. "There is in the whole of history hardly another case in which such immense sources of power and propaganda were employed against a single individual."

Trotsky fought back doggedly. He dashed off articles condemning the bloodbath; he wrote his great dogmatic book, *The Revolution Betrayed*. In 1937, Trotskyites in various countries set up a commission of reasonably impartial observers, with John Dewey at its head, to establish the facts. The commission held a week of hearings at Trotsky's home in Mexico. After months of sifting the evidence, it solemnly found

Trotsky innocent of all the charges brought against him in Moscow.

Inexorably, Stalin closed in. He embarked on a policy of worldwide assassination of Trotskyites. One of Trotsky's sons was executed in Russia; the other was poisoned in a hospital in France, where he had been taken for an appendectomy. Had Trotsky stopped his attacks on Stalin, had he gone into hiding as his friends urged, he might have survived or at least lived longer. But he refused to knuckle under. "I will endure this hell-black night to the end," he said. One night a gang of Stalinists, led by the Mexican artist Siqueiros, broke into Trotsky's casually guarded home and sprayed 200 machine-gun bullets around his bedroom. But he and Nata-



TROTSKY

A curse flung in the face of the world.

lya had flung themselves under the bed just in time and were not hit.

The Brutal Bon Vivant. The next assassin did better. Jacques Mornard was one of those dedicated Stalinists who were willing to devote a lifetime to one shabby crime (he was released from a Mexican prison in 1960 and returned to Russia for his reward). Mornard began his well-laid plot by courting a homely girl from New York who served as a courier for Trotsky. He played the part of a *bon vivant*, showed no interest in politics and got the bemused girl to marry him. The first few times his wife visited Trotsky, Mornard tactfully waited outside. After several months he was finally invited in. He turned out some clumsy Trotskyite pamphlets and gained Trotsky's confidence.

One day, when Trotsky was feeding his rabbits, Mornard caught him alone. He pulled an ice ax from his coat and drove it into Trotsky's head. Mornard had expected to kill him instantly and make a getaway. But the old man gave a mighty curse, threw books, inkwells, a Dictaphone at his assailant and grappled with him until help came. Trotsky died as he had lived—fighting fiercely but in vain.



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